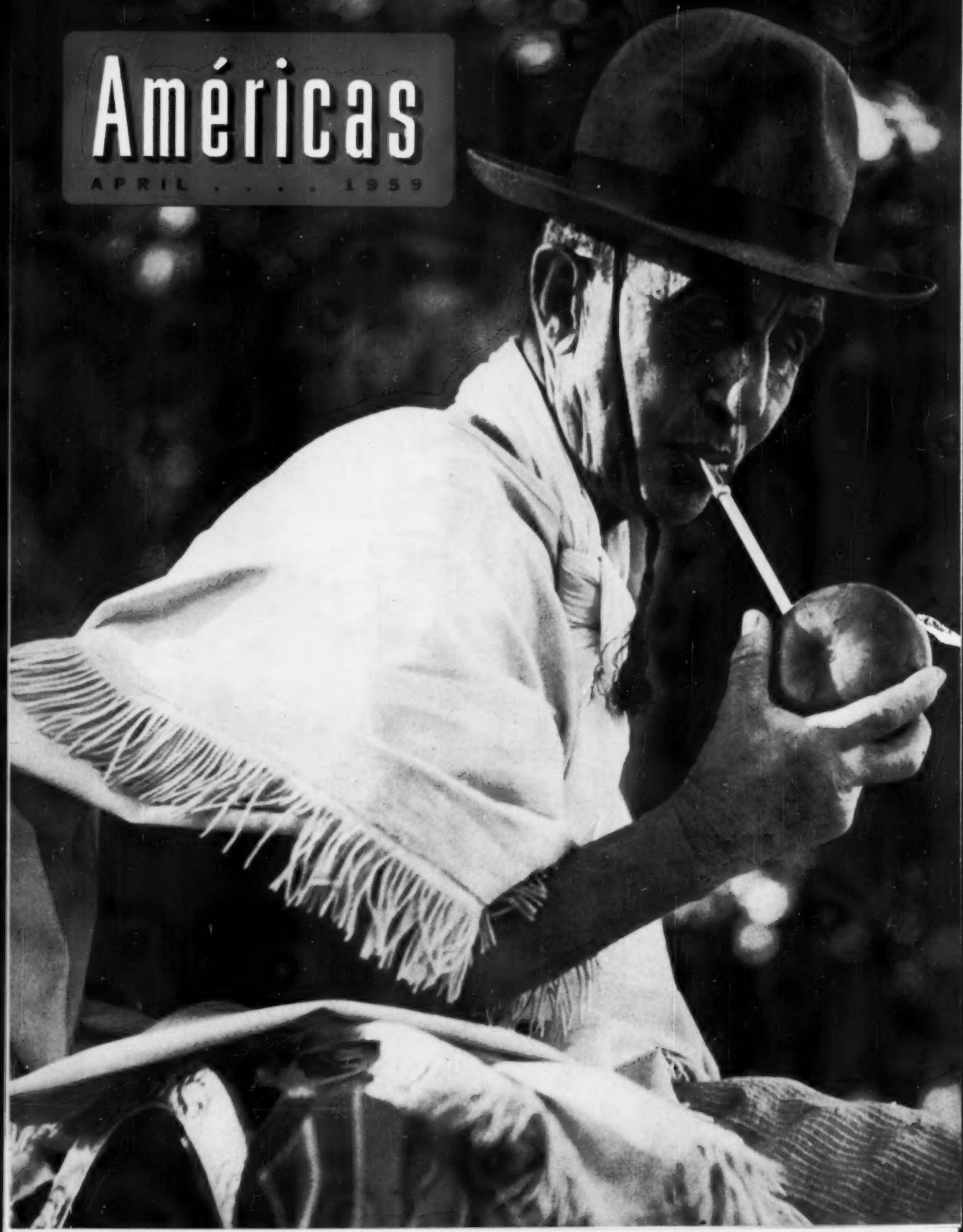


# Américas

APRIL . . . 1959





# Américas

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José A. Mora, Secretary General  
William Sanders, Assistant Secretary General

### Editor

Kathleen Walker

### Associate Editors

George C. Compton, Adolfo Solórzano Díaz, Wilson Velloso, Betty Wilson

### Assistant Editors

Elizabeth B. Kilmer, Hilton Danilo Meskus, Raúl Nass

### Cover

Uruguayan gaucho enjoys gourdful of stimulating maté (see page 5)

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Here Is Sir Fire, oil (1942) by Roberto Matta of Chile. In collection of Mr. and Mrs. James Thrall Soby, New Canaan, Connecticut

## MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

The Eleventh Inter-American Conference, to be held early next year in Quito, will—in the words of President Camilo Ponce Enríquez of Ecuador—"decide the fate of the inter-American system." Since this view is shared, though perhaps not expressed so vigorously, by many other top figures of the Hemisphere, it is not surprising that lights are burning late in offices all over the Americas—in Quito, in Washington, in Buenos Aires.

The Conference, which is the supreme organ of the OAS, will of course be general in nature, with matters juridico-political, economic, social, cultural, and organizational included on the agenda. An OAS Council group is now preparing. However, it will probably be marked by particularly significant decisions concerning economics. For months the Pan American Union has been abuzz. First there was the meeting of the Committee of Twenty-one (see January *AMÉRICAS*). Lately, a working group has been formulating concrete measures to be presented when the full Committee again meets within the next month or two in Buenos Aires. At the same time a special committee, convoked by the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, has been negotiating and drafting the instrument of organization of the inter-American bank. This financial institution, long under discussion, was brought up anew at the Informal Meeting of American Foreign Ministers in Washington in September 1958 and acted on by the Committee of Twenty-one. And all this will undoubtedly relate to the Quito Conference.

In addition to the coverage *AMÉRICAS* has given some of these pre-Conference events, we have still other plans under way for coming issues. Specifically, you will learn just how Ecuador is getting ready to play host to delegates and staff members from the other twenty OAS member nations. For tourists and archaeologists, armchair or otherwise, Lillian Robinson Pérez will describe Esmeraldas Province, on the Pacific coast, and the ancient curiosities that have been unearthed there. In contrast, Lilo Linke is writing an article on the growing, up-to-date pyrethrum industry. You will see Quito through the eyes of an artist, in a series of drawings from Irene Aronson's sketchbook. And in a picture story, Elly Heckscher will show a cross section of intellectual life in Ecuador.

So, with midnight oil in long supply, we all join in the effort to assure the success of the Eleventh Inter-American Conference and of the inter-American system.

# Washington Square International

## NEW BRAZILIAN INSTITUTE AT NYU

BETTY WILSON

ANYONE who writes or talks about Brazil is sure to point out somewhere along the line that his subject occupies nearly half the territory of South America and has more than half the population. Until Alaska entered the Union he could, and did, make invidious comparisons with the size of the United States. He has the advantage of, and does not fail to mention, at least two world-famous figures at the top of their respective fields—Oscar Niemeyer and Heitor Villa-Lobos. All the same, as the single Western Hemisphere nation of Portuguese origin, Brazil does tend to get lost in the shuffle; its cul-

ture either lumped together with that of the Spanish-speaking countries or overlooked because it does not fit into the handy generalizations. This is what happens when people say "Latin American" and even, very often, when universities set up "inter-American institutes." But it will not happen at New York University, where a Brazilian Institute has been in operation since the beginning of the current academic year.

One of the first activities of the new Institute was a Conference on Brazil—three days of lectures, workshop discussions, a concert, and a reception—held in December

*At literature workshop of Conference on Brazil, James L. Taylor (right) tells about difficulties in preparing Portuguese-English dictionary. Workshop is chaired by Alceu Amoroso Lima, first Visiting Professor of Brazilian Studies*





*Conference ended with award of degrees by NYU President Carroll V. Newsom (front row, left) to (rear) economist Roberto de Oliveira Campos, Finance Minister Lucas Lopes, and Dr. Lima, and (front) composer Heitor Villa-Lobos and educator Pedro Calmon. Right rear, Dean Thomas C. Pollock, acting head of Brazilian Institute*

to celebrate its establishment. And also, as Professor William E. Buckler, conference co-ordinator, admitted, "to find out if anyone was interested." Six hundred were, at any rate, and that includes only those interested enough to attend. Among them were most of the outstanding U.S. scholars in inter-American affairs, businessmen representing the major industries of both countries, and a surprising number of prominent Brazilians—to name only two. Finance Minister Lucas Lopes and Villa-Lobos himself. And for its first Visiting Professor of Brazilian Studies NYU has the distinguished thinker and educator Alceu Amoroso Lima. According to Dr. Buckler, the Conference was the only one of its kind; as for the Institute itself, the first devoted to Brazil was established some years ago at Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, but it is now more or less dormant owing to lack of funds.

The purpose of the Institute is to offer graduate and undergraduate instruction in language, literature, culture, economics, and history; to organize short courses and other special educational services; to arrange exchange programs; to conduct research; to issue publications; and to build up a library. For example, at the end of January nineteen law students from five Brazilian universities were brought up for a five-week seminar that drew on the faculties of three NYU graduate schools. Another item on the agenda is the formulation of plans for a Junior Year in Brazil, which would be organized in cooperation with the University of Bahia.

The establishment of such an institute had been under

discussion for about five years, urged by the University's Department of Spanish and Portuguese. The main problem was raising enough money; for as far as activities in the field of inter-American affairs were concerned, that was no novelty. NYU's Inter-American Law Institute, which offers an intensive one-year survey of the British-based U.S. legal system to lawyers from the other Hemisphere countries (whose systems are based on Roman law and the Code Napoléon), has been flourishing since 1947 and down to the end of the last academic year had been attended by thirty-one Brazilians; its courses in Latin American language, literature, and social sciences are numerous. As for finances, by July 1953 seven corporations—including General Foods; Anderson, Clayton; and Grace—had pledged over ninety thousand dollars, enough to set up the Institute for a two-year experimental program. NYU can certainly count on the backing of both governments; the very presence of so eminent a man as Dr. Lima is a tribute paid to the Institute by the U.S. State Department, which had previously arranged to bring him to this country on a Fulbright fellowship and, as soon as the opening was announced, posted him to NYU. But the University expects additional advantages, which may enable it to avoid the most serious of the usual pitfalls, from its strategic location in the heart of



*Surprise guest at opening session was Nelson Rockefeller (second from left), then governor-elect of New York, who reminisced about wartime visits to Brazil*

Manhattan: first, it is close to the sources of the money it will need; second, since almost every Brazilian who comes to the United States passes through New York anyway, it will have access to a steady stream of distinguished visitors.

Eventually, it is hoped, the project will be expanded into a Luso-Brazilian Institute, covering Portuguese affairs as well; in the meantime, the Brazilian phase can be shaken down on the basis of the experience gathered during the trial period. As yet the Institute does not even have a permanent director—Dean Thomas Clark Pollock, of the University's Washington Square College of Arts and Sciences, is acting *pro tem* until a man with the right



After workshop talks, meetings were thrown open to discussion and questions



University glee club performed ancient and modern songs as part of concert of Brazilian music

combination of academic attainments and administrative ability can be found.

The temporary nature of these arrangements left Dr. Buckler in an unenviable position in planning the Conference. Just about his only connection with Brazil is that he is Dean Pollock's assistant; actually, his field is Victorian literature. But, through legerdemain or beginners' luck, the program was exactly what it should have been. The right people made the principal addresses: Thomas Mann, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, and Roberto de Oliveira Campos, president of the Brazilian Bank for Economic Development, representing sometimes contradictory, sometimes complementary sides of the same problem; T. Lynn Smith, professor of sociology at the University of Florida, comparing the two countries' living standards, and Dr. Lima describing the mutual impact of their cultures; Carleton Sprague Smith, head of the New York Public Library music division and an old Brazil hand, on the develop-

ment of a science and the arts, and Finance Minister Lopes on commerce and industry; Hernane Tavares de Sá, editor of the news magazine *Visão*, with a rundown on the current Brazilian scene that quite by coincidence summed up all that had been said at the Conference. The workshop topics added up to a full-length portrait of Brazil, and the participants were precisely the people who could illuminate their various aspects.

Even the weather contributed to the atmosphere of friendship. During the three days of the Conference, the temperature never rose to anywhere near freezing, and as the participants staggered one by one into the warm hall from the gusty vastness of Washington Square the spirit among them became much like that of people who have just been rescued from the same lifeboat.

Indeed, it seemed at first that all this supercharged amity might turn the Conference into simply one more togetherness affair, at which the familiar vague platitudes would be pronounced as if the mere saying of them made them true. At the opening session on Monday night, though the speeches were more interesting than usual, nothing happened to alter this impression. But on the following morning Roberto de Oliveira Campos made a cogent and challenging statement of his economic views. Whatever the extent of one's agreement with his analysis—and it was far from universally accepted—his frankness blew away the mist. From then on the Conference took international friendship for granted and went on to particulars.

The Conference ended on Wednesday afternoon with a convocation at which honorary degrees were conferred by NYU President Carroll V. Newsom on Dr. Lima; Pedro Calmon, rector of the University of Brazil; Dr. Campos; Finance Minister Lopes; and Villa-Lobos, who had composed for the occasion a choral work appropriately titled *Bendita Sabedoria* (Blessed Wisdom), a series of settings of biblical texts extolling this quality. The closing address, "Brazilian and American Civilization," was an outstanding display of extempore virtuosity by Dr. Calmon.

It was generally agreed that NYU had got its Brazilian Institute off to a flying start. About the only criticism audible as the crowd surged into the corridor to dash for a train home was a college professor's disdainful "But it wasn't at all what I expected. It wasn't scholarly!"

This may perhaps be taken as indicative of the success of the gathering. It was not supposed to be scholarly, but to be representative of various aspects of the two countries as they touch each other—to bring together, as the Institute itself intends to do, commerce and the arts as well as the academies. There was, to be sure, a slight failure of communications, not between nationalities but between professions and more on the U.S. side than on the Brazilian: the professors and the businessmen tended to cluster with their own kind and look askance at, if not actually disparage, the cluster across the way. On the other hand, Augusto Frederico Schmidt, a financial wizard who heads the Brazilian delegation to the United Nations, spent most of his time in the literature workshop—as befits a distinguished poet. ♦

# The Gaucho's Song Shadow

## FALLS OVER URUGUAY

ANDRÉS DE ARMAS

CRADLED between Brazil and Argentina is Uruguay, the little country where snow never falls and where the sun never scorches. It has the least wild, the most harmonious geography of any country in America: no impenetrable jungles, no mountains, no lifeless deserts, no secret valleys. With its grassy hills and its many large but gentle rivers, it was relatively easy to colonize. It has no Indians; they were exterminated a century or more ago, along with the jaguars, pumas, and anteaters. Its tradition is democratic, consolidated after painful but incessant struggle. Because of heavy immigration, it has a rather more cosmopolitan air than many other American countries.

In such a place, it would seem almost impossible that anything so ancient and primitive and barbaric as the

ANDRÉS DE ARMAS, a young Uruguayan writer of short stories, radio scripts, and film scenarios, was brought up on a farm and is an authority on country traditions.

Member of "nativist" club wears typical Uruguayan-gaucho costume of 1800





In shack of ancient type still common in Uruguayan countryside, modern descendants of the gaucho buy drinks and tobacco

gaucho and his customs could still exist. And, in fact, he did disappear. Though he was master of the slopes and ridges for more than 150 years, there was something so unstable about him, he needed an environment of such frantic liberty, that all it took was the establishment of law and economic order to extinguish him. Some eighty years ago, when they began to fence the pastures, Uruguay was still an immense ranch and the *criollos* were people with no other activities than war and stockraising; but the gaucho's day was over as soon as he could no longer help himself to cattle at will, asking nobody's permission and caring nothing that after he had carved out his own chunk of meat the rest of the carcass was wasted on the wild dogs and the vultures.

But is there really no doubt that he is extinct? Has that sullen and silent creature ceased to brood over everything in all the four corners of Uruguay? The answer is obvious: perhaps he looks different, perhaps his living conditions are different, but the modern-day countryman—from the market gardener on the outskirts of Montevideo to the foreman of the most remote ranch, from the woodcutter to the guitarist—feels the presence of an all-pervasive heritage that he does not want to lose. The tractor-driver on a mechanized farm will wear a poncho over a leather jacket, and, as in olden times, he

will squat beside a smoky fire built on the ground to drink his *maté*. If you want unequivocal proof that there is a gaucho inside his skin, just suggest a gallop to him and watch him turn into that wild horseman who used to roam the range or hunt the succulent armadillo. And he and his rural neighbors are not the only ones—there is a whole cult seeking to keep the tradition alive.

Some thousands of people belong to clubs, thirty of them all over the country, with names like "Los Cimarrones [The Wild Ones]," "El Pericón" (a native dance), "Vivaró" (an indigenous tree), or "Rincón de la Lealtad [Loyalty Corner]." The club premises are true museums, stirringly adorned with such objects as wagons, *boleadoras* (lariats with balls at one end, used to catch animals around the legs and trip them up), intricately braided lassos, *facones* (the gauchos' favorite long knife), and *rastras* (wide metal belts). Here doctors, lawyers, big landowners, and businessmen transform themselves into priests of a native rite consisting of *asados con cuero* (whole animals barbecued over an open fire with the hide left on), *mazamorra* (a dish of ground corn and milk), *jariña* (manioc meal), *empañadas* (meat turnovers), *tortas fritas* (a type of fritter), and sausages made of capybara, and culminating in the rustic pleasures of *payadas* (song challenges), ancient country dances, and horseback games. The club members are nearly all city-dwellers who own rural property, but, as the aristocrat leaves his Pocitos mansion dressed in *chiripá* (a trouser-like garment made of a length of cloth draped diaper-fashion) and *culero* (leather thigh bands), his sentiments make him one with the humblest farm laborer.

At one time and in one place, the whole thing reaches a climax. The time is Semana Criolla (Native Week), which coincides with the religious observance of Holy Week; the place, a stretch of turf called La Rural in the Prado, a Montevideo park. This is where the cattle shows are held in the spring; in the autumn, which is when Holy Week falls in the southern hemisphere, its sheds and bleachers are crowded again—this time with people in native dress watching or taking vehement and dramatic part in contests of bronco-busting, lassoing, costume, riding equipment, or dancing. At open-air fires, in surroundings of araucaria pines and yellow-flowered *tipa* trees, you can buy *maté* or a piece of *asado*. Every year a hundred thousand people come to participate in this aggressive revival of their past.

The festival, which was first held in 1924 and is sponsored by the Municipal Recreation Commission, is possible only because during that period all activities come to a halt. The schools and universities are shut for a week-long vacation; public offices, banks, the big stores, the factories close down. A quarter of Montevideo's million people leave for the country to hunt, fish, or camp out—thus serving their own apprenticeship in the gaucho's way of life. And among the crowds at La Rural—recruited from those who have remained in town and from the tens of thousands of rural people who converge on the capital for the holiday—most of the attention is monopolized by the bronco-busting. For by common con-

sent this is where the "wild epoch," the time before the land was fenced, most truly survives. Altogether, the week is evidence that the gaucho still walks.

By now, he is largely a legendary figure. One of the most vivid regional types of Spanish America, he is made of the same durable and elemental stuff as the Chinese coolie, the Texas cowboy, the Mexican *charro*, and the Canadian lumberjack.

Of late there has been a lot of argument, some of it quite entertaining, about the origin of the gaucho. Despite the mist, it is safe to say that by somewhere around 1650 there was a handful of highly independent men working at farming or ranching jobs in the region.

In those days, Uruguay was an odd place. It was populated by a few thousand very timid and primitive Indians and by many millions of ownerless cattle and horses. These animals had been brought in at the begin-

ning of the century by an enterprising governor named Hernando Arias de Saavedra. They had thrived and multiplied in an astonishing manner—and no wonder, for they were in one of the world's best grazing territories. The climate was unsettled but temperate, so that neither frost nor drought was severe enough to destroy the forage. In the thousands of valleys between the endless undulating hills, streams and rivers were born, providing water and the shade of woods that fringed their banks.

Paradoxically, then, the soil formerly scorned because it had no gold or silver came to seem desirable. The first white inhabitants appeared—from Santa Fe and Entre Ríos in Argentina and from Paraguay—and with them the first national trade: hides. They would hamstring the cattle on the run (using special lances with unusual tips shaped like crescents), kill and skin them at once, and take the skins back to sell to Spanish merchants. The rest



*Semana Criolla* (Native Week), annual rodeo-like event in Montevideo, celebrates gaucho tradition. It takes six men to hold this colt long enough to saddle it, while bronco-buster (right) studies its characteristics



*Stunt rider at Semana Criolla performs with face covered by his poncho*

of the animal was considered valueless and was discarded.

If they found this work tedious, and many of them did, they simply gave it up. They took to wandering without destination or purpose over that huge ranch, seventy-two thousand square miles, where there was plenty of food and water for anyone who had a horse, a lariat, *boleadoras*, a *jacón*, and a few rags to wear. That was all they needed—that, courage, and a love of the free life. With these, they spread out over the sea of grass and made themselves its masters.

From these early vagabonds developed the gaucho: grim, taciturn, shadowy, violent, unfettered, an authentic product of vast empty spaces. They lived as they pleased, and if they sometimes had difficulty in getting cloth to replace a *chiripá* or a poncho to replace those ripped to shreds by lances or *facones*, at least they could say, with Martín Fierro: "I make my bed on the clover—and I cover myself with stars." If they had to, they dressed in pieces of hide; and they made boots of the unbroken hide from horses' legs, putting it on while still warm and so molding it to fit.

In time they became something more than indolent and feline ragamuffins. They were indispensable on the early backwoods ranches; they drove the wagons over the first trails. And they became outlaws, alone or in bands, smuggling cattle and horses into Brazil since international trade between the colonies was prohibited by the Laws of the Indies.

Between the Ibicuy River in the north and the Negro River in the south, the land was all theirs. It was not an easy place to live in. The Jesuits and Franciscans had attempted to establish Indian "reductions" there, as they had done in Misiones, but they failed. The fierce Charrías constantly harassed them, and the wild cattle devastated their plantations. Pumas and jaguars overran the countryside, finding in the calves a sure and abundant source of food. Pity the poor traveler who entered these solitudes, where the jaguar, the Indian, and the gaucho were shadows equally silent and equally menacing! And of them all the gaucho was the most to be feared. Ancient ranch houses, still standing, are eloquent testimony of what those times must have been like: they are built on eminences and have battlements and moats appropriate to medieval castles, as if to resist outlaw raids or guerrilla sieges. In the end the Jesuits were expelled; the Indians retreated step by step, though there is moving evidence of how they pleaded to be incorporated into civilization; the gauchos remained, for they were at home here.

South of the Negro, a laboring class began to emerge as the country became settled. These were more stable men, who contracted to collect hides or worked in the first meat-curing establishments (1781) or became cowhands on the ranches in Colonia and Soriano. They wore the same dress as the other gauchos, they were the same skillful horsemen, and they had the same factious temperament as their brothers to the north. These, the half-savage and aggressive sons of Portuguese and Spaniards with an admixture of Indian and Negro blood, were lords of a vacant empire for over a hundred years. But at the end of the eighteenth century a militia called the

Blandengues (Lancers) was organized to impose order, and from then on all the free gauchos—whether rebels, deserters, cattle rustlers, vagabonds, or merely adventure-lovers—were persecuted.

A fascinating statement has come down to us from this period concerning the impudence and cunning in which the two or three thousand free gauchos indulged. It is the confession of a bandit arrested in 1797.

The prisoner, José Salinas by name, relates that after having worked for some years on a ranch in the south, he set out to drive a herd of cattle to Pôrto Alegre, six hundred trackless miles away. On his arrival he struck up a friendship with some other gauchos, who invited him to join a party of brigands who were going into the business of stealing horses for the Portuguese. Needing horses for their armies, the Portuguese had been encouraging this crime for a hundred years.

Salinas goes on to tell how they gave him weapons and how the party thereupon began to attack ranches and to steal not only horses but whatever they could lay their hands on: ". . . That same night six of my companions went to the Vallejos ranch and raided it and stole a harness of good silver and two bridles with bosses and two ponchos and other odds and ends." They might stage an attack for no other purpose than to get hold of a little tobacco. After all, there they were in an empty expanse, with no other possessions than those provided by nature—a mere button was an object of great value.

The picture of their outrages sketched by Salinas is truly fearful. In a few days they swept over the country robbing, burning, killing, and finally carrying off two women. In the end, forgetting all about their objective of stealing horses, they went and attacked a general store near Montevideo; it happened to be fortified, and a real battle ensued.

These, like many other gauchos and like the patriotic guerrillas of a later day, made the Negro River their center of operations. Their forays, it may be pointed out, took place in the middle of winter, when all the enormous Uruguayan rivers had overflowed their banks. Nothing stopped them.

It is also interesting to note that Salinas—and, in common with him, anyone else connected with a ranch and a regular job—was ready at any moment, and without necessarily having any concrete reason, to "pick up and leave" for the free life, simply because the instinct for liberty was uncontrollable in them. Outlaw, deserter, ranch hand, or muleteer—all were men with violent natures and a hatred of restraint.

In the same way, they all shared a sense of being dispossessed. In his arrogance, the gaucho found it intolerable not to own, never to be able to own, the lands given by the Spanish crown to its subjects. He felt they were his (just as he felt that the cattle he killed without asking permission were his), and he so demonstrated in the independence revolution.

In 1811, when the entire population of the country numbered barely fifty thousand, nearly all the gauchos and their wives and children—twenty thousand people altogether—followed Artigas in the famous Exodus, aban-

doning the land rather than consent to be ruled by the Portuguese. The nature and temperament of these men is demonstrated by what happened to one of them, José Eugenio Culta. Gathering together a band of comrades, Culta had joined Artigas' cause. But the group wearied of the hardships of the Exodus, abandoned it, and turned to brigandage—a trade to which they were certainly no strangers. Before long, they were captured by an Artigas follower and repented of their behavior. To prove their change of heart—and at the same time to show off their limitless valor—this handful of gauchos went and calmly laid siege to the formidable stronghold of Montevideo, thus cleansing themselves of their sins in blood.

Similarly, the gaucho provided the raw material of the long and disastrous civil conflicts of the nineteenth century. Until 1904 he fought in wars, mutinies, uprisings in the hills—thus demonstrating indomitability and fierceness at the expense of logic. For he had already lost what was most precious to him, his right to wander at will through the land of the *chingolo* bird and the honeysuckle, when the fences started going up in 1870.

On vanishing into history along with the wars, he bequeathed to us Uruguayans many things identified with his way of thinking and feeling. He handed down the custom of eating meat almost exclusively. He impressed on us a certain indolence and lack of foresight that originated in the days when nothing had an owner. He left us a tradition of vigorous activity in ranching tasks

*Country people consider themselves gauchos, dress as such, and enjoy old-time songfests to guitar accompaniment*



*Modern Montevideo hardly seems like place where gaucho still lives—but note monument to him at left*

such as branding, shearing, and rounding-up. He gave us a few primitive objects: the *boleadoras*, the *mortero* (a stone or wood vessel out of which *mazamorra* is eaten), the lariat, the *facón*, the wagon, and above all the poncho, the guitar, and *maté*. These three are universal in Uruguay, and they are what is meant when reference is made to a "living tradition."

Moreover, his instinct for freedom was decisive in the formation of a republic whose soil was fought over for 150 years by Portuguese, Spaniards, Argentines, and Brazilians but remained in the power of the man with the lance and the *chiripá*. He was thus the protagonist of a drama of which the most important aspect was his own scale of values: energy, courage, skill, and loyalty were more highly esteemed than respect for law, habits of hard work, or the artifices of civilization.

In psychology or habit or job, there are still men in the Uruguayan countryside who may be said to represent the continuance of the gaucho tradition. First the bronco-busters, then the cowherds, then a confused mass of guitarists, woodcutters, horse-racers, and here and there a few "*criollo* duelists" who go in for the old-time fights with knives. But first of all, as I say, the bronco-busters, for the horse is the Uruguayan's link with his history. There are, of course, many ways of breaking a horse. You can use astuteness and patience, persuading the animal with firm but gentle methods. Or you can engage in barbaric combat between the beast's strength and your own valor and skill. This last way is the gaucho way, and this is horse-breaking as practiced during Semana Criolla.

The best and boldest horsemen come, from all over the country. Applicants are vigorously screened, and only a limited number, never more than thirty, are chosen. So meticulous are the rules that even the required costume for contestants is described in detail. There have been a number of famous bronco-busters over the thirty-four years since Semana Criolla was established. Some have been outstanding for their Indian characteristics and their silent, withdrawn manner, which added to the impression of their being real gauchos. But there are also courage and mastery: to take just one spectacular example among many, the Negro Diego Rodríguez, nicknamed "El Fantasma [The Ghost]," who used to perform with his poncho drawn over his eyes. Some stars have been women, the best-remembered being Nieves Mira, a beauty who for many years was the major attraction. Besides the thirty actual contestants, horsemen from other countries (Brazil, Chile, Argentina) participate in special events. No one has ever been killed in these competitions, but a number have been injured.

But the most genuine *criollo* of all, and a man of serene courage, was one who did not compete. This was the foreman Ramón Freire, whose feats are legendary. Once a rider was thrown, but his foot remained caught in the stirrup while the colt charged around the arena. There was only one thing to be done, and Freire did it. He ran into the path of the galloping animal and with one powerful, precise slash of his *facón* cut the thick leather strap from which the stirrup hung, saving the rider's life.

Even more interesting than the regular performance is the *bolada*, the ordinary man's opportunity to try his skill. Often these exceed the "professionals" in number, and some are surprisingly good. Special talent has been demonstrated on several occasions by a city bus driver.

But when you ask Adolfo Maslach, one of the organizers, who has been the most amazing of these participants from the general public, his face becomes grave and his tone of voice apprehensive, as if he were recalling a ghost story. He says: "Last year a couple came



*A moment's rest during long day of strenuous outdoor tasks in which gauchos take pride*

around—a country fellow and a woman, shabby, humble people—to ask us if we would transfer to them the contract of some bronco-busters for a rodeo they were planning to organize on the Maldonado road. It occurred to one of us, perhaps as a joke, to ask the woman, who was small and frail and dark, if she knew how to do it herself. She didn't answer directly, but went over to a colt that had just been brought out and in one leap mounted it bareback. To put it simply, no one was anywhere near so good during the entire week." After a silence, he adds, drawing a deep breath: "We never saw them again or found out who they were."

But on these peaceful autumn afternoons, under the bluest skies of the year, the Uruguayans are engaging in a rite that is more important than mere competition. It does not matter who is the best bronco-buster, or who wins the costume prize, or which horse has the best saddle, or which singer produces the best counterpoint. What does matter to everybody is that the gaucho shall not die out. ♦

# WHERE TIME STA

## *Trinidad, Cuba*

TED MORELLO

*Only utility wires betray this quiet Trinidad street as belonging to the modern world*



# LANDS STILL

SINCE IT WAS FOUNDED four and a half centuries ago, the city of Trinidad, on the southern coast of Cuba, has known opulence and historical prominence—and oblivion. It can boast of playing a major role in Cortés' conquest of Mexico, of repelling the naval might of England, of winning the praise of Alexander von Humboldt, and, perhaps, of having had a hand in President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy. On the other hand, it was disastrously depopulated by the lure of newly conquered Mexico and Peru, razed by fire and storm, stunned by plague, sacked by pirates, and battered by war. Yet in spite of these wracking misfortunes—perhaps even because of them—Trinidad is once more experiencing a resurgence as Cuba's officially proclaimed "historical city."

Crowded against a flank of the Sierra de Trinidad, the city lies on a coastal shelf three miles from its Caribbean port of Casilda. About the same distance to the west is La Boca, a fishing village at the mouth of the Guaurabo River. Though silting has since destroyed the estuary's value as a harbor, it was here that Diego de Velázquez, then governor of Santiago, landed early in 1514 to found Trinidad. Bartolomé de las Casas, a young priest ordained only four years earlier, stepped ashore with him. Under a jiqui tree not far from what is today midtown Trinidad, the man who was to become Bishop of Chiapas, "Apostle of the Indies," and one of the Conquest's leading chroniclers celebrated the town's first Mass.

The community's importance even as early as 1518 can be judged by the fact that Cortés and his Mexico-bound flotilla put in at the Guaurabo late that year to take on men and supplies and—according to the chronicler Bernal Diaz del Castillo—to order "the blacksmiths in the town to make head pieces and the crossbowmen to overhaul their stores and make arrows." The Trinidad recruits—"all persons of quality," Diaz asserts—included several who figured prominently in their own right in New World conquest and exploration: Pedro de Alvarado, Cortés' chief lieutenant in Mexico and subsequently conqueror of Guatemala; Alonzo de Ávila, a captain in Juan de Grijalva's Yucatan expedition earlier in the year; Cristóbal de Olid, the rebellious and ill-fated colonizer of Honduras.

Actually, Cortés' expedition might have foundered on the reef of politics at this point but for the sympathy of

**TED MORELLO** is assistant telegraph editor of the New York World-Telegram and Sun and its "unofficial adviser on Latin American matters." He spends his vacations traveling in Latin America; he avoids the capitals and seeks out relatively untraveled areas, which he has written about for a number of publications.

Trinidad's leaders. For in Santiago Governor Velázquez had had second thoughts about the man he had chosen to head the expedition. Two trusted couriers raced off to Mayor Francisco Verdugo of Trinidad with orders from Velázquez stripping Cortés of his command. But with the persuasive oratory that later quelled incipient mutinies, Cortés swung Verdugo and other leaders to his cause. Not only was he allowed to sail, but one of Velázquez's couriers shipped with him.

Ironically, Trinidad paid heavily for this moment of glory. As word of Montezuma's treasure and, later, of the Inca Atahualpa's ransom filtered back, the men of Trinidad rushed off to the new lands of gold and silver. The exodus coincided with a hurricane that virtually destroyed the town in 1527. A graphic account by the chronicler Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca reports: "... the



*Milkman makes rounds on cobble streets that wind past colonial homes. Note hand-carved balcony railings and wrought-iron grilles*

tempest increased to the point where it lashed the town as mercilessly as it did the sea, and all the houses and churches were blown down. To keep from being blown away, seven or eight men had to walk with arms interlocked. And we were no less fearful of walking through the forest than among the houses, for the trees also were being uprooted."

The combination of storm and exodus reduced the once-promising town to a population of eleven by 1534 (only two decades earlier, according to Francisco Marín Villafuerte's *Historia de Trinidad*, there had been some two hundred Spanish soldiers and forty Indian families living there). Velázquez's successor hurried to Trinidad to demand enforcement of a royal edict that prohibited emigration under penalty of property confiscation and death. By the end of the century, the population had risen to 150, partly because the town council had been authorized to parcel out land for homes, plantations, and cattle ranges.

The continuing growth of Trinidad attracted pirates. Hit-and-run raids, the first by English corsairs in 1642, plagued the town intermittently well into the eighteenth century. In one of the most brutal assaults Charles Gant landed at Casilda on November 4, 1702, with three hun-



*Plaza Martí (above) is less than three miles from Caribbean, which is faintly visible in background, while foothills of the Sierra de Trinidad spill into other side of city (below)*



dred buccaneers. Storming into Trinidad, they seized slaves, kidnapped residents, sacked the town, and murdered the sacristan as he tried vainly to protect the sacred vessels.

Trinidad's revenge, with a twist to it, came eighteen years later. When the English on Jamaica broke up Captain Henry Jennings' pirate band, two of the group, Nicholas Brown and Christopher Winter, sought refuge in the town. Not only was asylum granted but the lieutenant governor authorized the men to resume their swashbuckling profession—this time against Trinidad's enemies. So heartily did they accept their new role that in January 1720 they struck at Jamaica itself in a raid that netted abundant booty. When Admiral Edward Vernon angrily demanded the culprits' return, the people of Trinidad summarily refused, doubtless with immense pleasure.

Another constant foe, almost from the founding date, was fire. The thatch huts of the poor and the palm-roofed houses of even the wealthy were tinder for any errant spark. The city suffered an irreparable loss when fire destroyed the municipal archives, which antedated 1725. A decade later two severe conflagrations prompted the town council to pass a resolution designating St. John as the patron charged with guarding the city against fire. Nevertheless, in March 1793 flames destroyed 193 buildings and caused widespread suffering. The disaster evoked an edict prohibiting thatch construction; the emphasis was to be on masonry—a fitting development for a city that had already entered its "golden age."

Trinidad had become a flourishing commercial center for central Cuba. Even the eighteenth-century English-Spanish wars had failed to stop its growth. Indeed, it gained in stature by sending troops to Havana in a heroic but unsuccessful effort to forestall its capture by the British in 1762. On September 4 of the same year the town's militia beat off a British landing party at Casilda, capturing an enemy flag and cannon in the process. In recognition, Trinidad won the right to incorporate the British flag into its coat of arms. There followed three decades of calm, until 1797 when conflict erupted anew and Trinidad again repelled an attempted invasion. But this episode scarcely ruffled the local residents, whose numbers were at the time being swelled by immigrants from politically troubled Spanish Florida and French Saint-Domingue.

By the end of the eighteenth century the bustling city of four thousand was the focal point of a district that had a population of some nineteen thousand and was dotted with prosperous sugar, cotton, and tobacco plantations and cattle ranches. Fast sailing ships carried produce to Europe and brought back manufactured wares that were still a luxury in the New World. Landowners grew unbelievably wealthy in the sugar and tobacco trade. One family, it is said, had seven hundred slaves, sixteen hundred oxen, and two sugar mills on its thirty-five thousand acres. Another had thirteen hundred slaves and five mills.

In Trinidad itself the rich vied with one another in building mansions that were monuments to their affluence.

These "palaces," as they were called locally, clustered around and near the Plaza de Armas, now the Plaza Martí. Beneath the red-tiled roofs lived the Béquers, the Brunets, the Iznagas, the Canteros, and others whose names were prominent then and are respected still. Italian artists were commissioned to come and paint ornate decorations on the lofty ceilings of rooms that were filled with French alabaster statuary, dainty Dresden figurines, and Venetian vases and goblets. This was the era, too, that produced the curious Iznaga Tower, still a landmark a few miles from town. They say that the seven-tiered tower was built by Alejo Iznaga in 1833 for no other reason than to outdo in height the depth of a near-by well dug by his brother Teodoro.

Such opulence was bound to produce legends, none more persistent than that of William Baker, a Philadel-



Caves underlying Trinidad once sheltered Indians who lived there before Columbus discovered this coast in 1492



Brunet Palace, built when residents were trying to outdo each other in elegance, houses museum and Tourist Commission offices

phian whose name history now records as Guillermo Béquer. As a Trinidad landowner, trader, and shipper he amassed a fortune whose most conspicuous manifestation was the baronial Béquer Palace. In his contempt for the Spanish King, the story goes, Béquer paved his salon with gold coins so that all might walk across the royal face. A variant version related that, dissuaded from such provocative heroics, Béquer set the coins in the floor edgewise. However, Manuel J. Béquer Medina, the Philadelphian's great-grandson and the outstanding living authority on Trinidad's past, reports the far-less-fascinating truth: the gold paving was merely a passing whim, never carried out.

Into the midst of Trinidad's court life stepped Baron von Humboldt on March 14, 1801. He wrote that, after arriving by ship at La Boca, he and his party—mounted "two by two on the same horse"—jogged into Trinidad, where "we were received . . . with the kindest hospitality." The renowned naturalist departed from his scientific observations long enough to write: "We were again struck by the gaiety and vivacity that distinguishes the women of Cuba." His departure from Trinidad after an overnight stay was no less remarkable than his entrance, for, as he records the episode: "The municipality caused us to be conducted to the mouth of the Río Guaurabo in a fine carriage lined with old crimson damask; and, to add to our confusion, an ecclesiastic, the poet of the place, habited in a suit of velvet notwithstanding the heat of the climate, celebrated in a sonnet our voyage to the Orinoco."

The stirrings of the independence movement in the mid-eighteen-hundreds put an end to Trinidad's "golden age." The first serious effort to overthrow Spanish rule in Cuba took place under Field Marshal Narciso López,



*Serenading is as popular with girls today as it was with their greatgrandmothers during the last century*

governor of Trinidad from December 1841 to September 1842. When his revolt of 1849 failed, he fled to the United States. Twice he attempted invasions. Both failed. On the second try, in 1851, he was captured by the Spaniards and publicly garroted.

The Ten Years War of 1868-78 and its extension, the successful independence war of 1895-98, drained Trinidad's manpower once more and sapped its economic strength. Men went off to fight as insurrectionists. Many people who stayed behind—including women of prominent families—were jailed or exiled for their republican sympathies. Blazing sugar mills and cane fields lighted the sky as the combatants dueled with incendiaryism. By

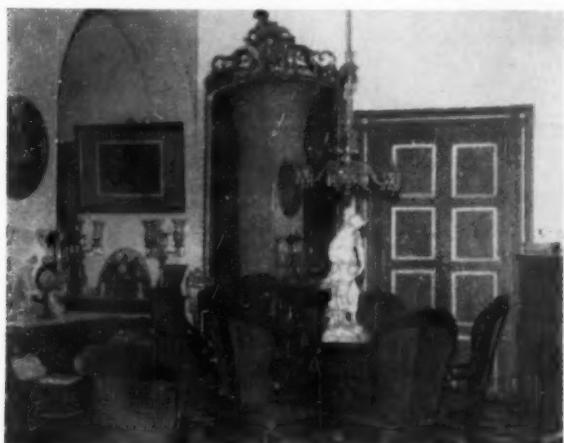
*Silvered dolphins decorate a fountain in flower-filled patio of residence in midtown Trinidad*



1899 only two of the district's fifty sugar mills remained. Commercial activity waned.

At this low point in its history, twin plagues of smallpox and yellow fever burst upon the city during the spring of 1897. In the words of Francisco Marín Villafuerte, "[The plague] spread through the population like a miasma from Hell. There was not a house that was not a victim of it."

Trinidad was still in mourning when, on December 6, 1898, a troopship loaded with U.S. soldiers put into Casilda from Savannah, Georgia. The armistice that halted the Spanish-American War had been signed four months before, and the peace treaty was only four days away. The landing was without incident, since the Spanish garrison had discreetly withdrawn ahead of the occupation force. One of the first men ashore was young Captain Cordell Hull of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers,



*Ornate furnishings of another era still decorate old houses*

a regiment he had raised personally in his home state.

Some two weeks later Captain Hull was designated inspector general of the District of Trinidad, charged with investigating public offices and making recommendations "looking to a wise, honest, and economical administration of the government affairs." The experience proved to be a significant milestone in Hull's career, for up to that time his interest had extended scarcely beyond the borders of his native village of Celina, Tennessee. Before the regiment sailed for home on March 28, 1899, the captain had developed a rudimentary but practical grasp of problems he was to face in vitalizing the Good Neighbor Policy during his decade of service as President Roosevelt's Secretary of State.

For the next forty years, Trinidad's development was unspectacular. The economy still pivoted around cattle, tobacco, and sugar, but at a slackening pace. While Havana and other Cuban cities grew, Trinidad stood still—almost forgotten in its isolation. An occasional visitor braved the scenic but exhausting train ride via Santa Clara. During the dry season motorists could travel the dirt road that linked the city with the island's Central Highway at Sancti-Spiritus. A few outsiders

drifted to Casilda by more or less regular steamer from Batabanó until the service was discontinued.

Then, by presidential decree of September 5, 1944, Trinidad was proclaimed Cuba's "historical city." Architecturally, the proclamation froze the heart of the city. Renovations must conform, at least in exterior design, to authentic colonial style. Saved for posterity were the elaborate mansions, cobble streets, and sidewalks of flagstone that came from Europe as ballast on sailing ships in Trinidad's heyday.

Most important, this new status gave a psychological boost to the moribund town. Manuel Béquer, Gareli Venegas, Juan de Sosa Chabau, and other long-unheeded prophets of Trinidad's renascence redoubled their activity, working closely with the Development and Tourist Corporation of Trinidad and the National Tourist Bureau in Havana.

As a result, the old Sancti-Spiritus road was made passable in all weather. A new oceanside highway along Cuba's "Côte d'Azur" provided a more direct connection with Havana, by way of Cienfuegos. A local airport brought the ancient town within less than two hours of the capital by scheduled airliner. As the flow of visitors increased, hotel accommodations—admittedly primitive until then—were streamlined with the renovation of the midtown, colonial-style La Ronda hotel and restaurant (owned by Venegas) and the construction of the modern Las Cuevas Motel (managed by Sosa) on a hill overlooking the city. Plans have been drawn for an ocean-front playground that will combine hotel, shopping, and recreational facilities.

Private homes, many still occupied by scions of once-dominant families, graciously open their doors for a glimpse of colonial living: delicately tiled salons, imported statuary, iron-grilled doors opening onto patios where flowers grow in profusion around fountains. Even industry—family craft shops, for the most part—plays host to outsiders. People accustomed to mechanization are entranced by a plant where the valley's fine clay is stamped and baked into roof tiles, a small factory where workmen mold delicate mosaics, a ceramics center where father and sons use potter's wheels to hand-shape water jugs for cane workers. There is also a cigarette factory, and in countless homes cigars are painstakingly made by hand.

More adventurous visitors are lured by sunny, breeze-swept beaches at Ancón and La Boca; hilly woodland trails: the awesome network of caverns that underlies much of the town; the rich offshore fishing grounds.

Along the streets, a cowboy canters by a milk peddler, who is also on horseback, milk and all. An old woman crosses herself as she shuffles past the spreading jíqui tree that commemorates Father Las Casas' long-ago Mass. A young man thrums a guitar while a young woman listens appreciatively from behind a carved-wood window grille.

Life goes on much as it has through the centuries, untainted by raucous commercialism and uncolored by spurious quaintness. For Trinidad accepts eagerly, but with quiet dignity, its new role as Cuba's historical gem. ♦

# THE CHIEF



## of tennis

ENRIQUE ROJAS VELA

"THANKS to Alejandro Olmedo of Peru, the United States won back the Davis Cup from Australia in late December, its first victory in the challenge round since 1954," wrote Allison Danzig, who covers tennis events for *The New York Times*. Sports headlines all over the world proclaimed the triumph, though in the U.S. press—as

*As a newspaperman, Peruvian ENRIQUE ROJAS VELA worked for seventeen years with the Associated Press in Argentina and has for more than five years been on the United Press International Latin American desk in New York.*

Danzig himself reported—the Peruvian's inclusion on the U.S. team aroused "more criticism than acclaim. Some looked upon it as a blot on tennis and sport generally . . . that a player who is not a citizen of the United States should have represented us and played the leading, all-important role in winning back the cup."

Pros and cons aside, Olmedo's phenomenal tennis career is a superb example of inter-American cooperation. Once his extraordinary natural ability was recognized, U.S. coaches and trainers set about developing his physical and mental prowess to the fullest and making him a stand-out player.

Alejandro Olmedo—known variously in the United States as Alex and "The Chief"—was born on March 24, 1936, in the gleaming white city of Arequipa, at the foot of snow-capped Misti Volcano. His father, Salvador, was—and still is—the tennis pro at the Target Club, so swinging a racket came naturally to the boy. But tennis was not his only love. In Peru, as in many other Latin American countries, soccer is the favorite sport—and while Alex was chasing the ball at some seventy-five hundred feet above sea level, he was acquiring the wind power and stamina that are so vital to competitive tennis.

It was in Lima, where he had gone to finish high school, that Alex's dexterity on the courts caught the eye of Stan Singer. The tennis coach from Los Angeles immediately began making plans for the young Peruvian to go to the United States, specifically to California, where the game is played the year round. Then Perry Jones—the seventy-year-old tennis patriarch and, incidentally, captain of this year's winning Davis Cup team—stepped in, and Alex made the trip in February 1954. During the subsequent five years Olmedo has been studying business administration at the University of Southern California and bringing tennis glory to both his native and foster countries.

In the United States, the annual intercollegiate championships give promising tennis players their first real boost, and many of the winners have gone on to national and international fame. The first Latin American to take this title was the remarkable Ecuadorian Francisco "Pancho" Segura, the only player to hold it for three straight years (1943-45). Bob Falkenburg, the 1946 champion who was later a finalist at Wimbledon, was a member of the Brazilian Davis Cup team in 1954 and 1955 and has continued playing in Brazil—mainly in Rio, where he runs a highly successful chain of ice-cream parlors. José Agüero of Brazil became the 1955 intercollegiate champion when he was enrolled at Tulane University in Louisiana (the alma mater of Hamilton Richardson, who held the title in 1953 and 1954). During a meteoric career, Agüero was beaten only by exceptionally good players, but he has since dropped out of competition. There have been others, of course, but the most recent addition to the list is Alex Olmedo. He won in 1956 and again in 1958, and might have won in 1957 too—matching Segura's record—had not the University of Southern California suspended all athletics that year.

The same year Alex took the intercollegiate title for the first time, he played in the Nationals at Forest Hills—

where he was eliminated in the fourth round, after having downed, among others, Mike Green, who then showed promise of being another Jack Kramer. Taking this defeat in stride, Olmedo lost no time in winning the South Pacific championship from the sensational Australian Lew Hoad—by scores of 6-3, 4-6, and 6-4.

At the time, Danzig predicted that within a couple of years the young Peruvian would be the best tennis player around. Almost exactly two years later, when the 1958 National championships were in full swing, the newsman insisted that Olmedo should be included on the U.S. Davis Cup team, even if he was not a citizen. (He had lived in the States longer than the minimum three years specified in the Davis Cup regulations.) Danzig also nominated him for the William Johnston trophy, awarded to the tennis player of the year on the basis of character, sportsmanship, gentlemanliness, cooperative spirit, and all-round contribution to the game.

When Alex was defeated by Neale Fraser of Australia in the quarter finals at Forest Hills in 1958, his father remarked: "My boy has to learn the tricks of the older players. He also needs a 'secret weapon.' That will make him unbeatable."

Actually, Fraser's win over Olmedo came as a surprise to most, since the Peruvian obviously outplayed him during the first set. In essence, this seems to be Alex's one serious short-coming: Sports writers have said that he lacks the "killer" instinct that makes a top athlete. According to Jack Kramer, "he seems to lose interest when he's on top." Perry Jones' judgment is that "Olmedo often is inclined to relax; sometimes he must be pushed."

In Brisbane last December, Kramer and his men were taking no chances on Olmedo's letting down. A few hours before the first match against the Australians they told him that Jones was being harshly criticized for having chosen someone who was not a U.S. citizen to play the singles instead of Richardson. Alex replied grimly, "I'll win for Mr. Jones. They can't do that to my good friend." And he kept his word—with a vengeance. On Monday he defeated Malcolm Anderson; on Tuesday he teamed up with Richardson to down Anderson and Fraser in the doubles; and on Wednesday he finished off Ashley Cooper in four sets. With that, the Davis Cup belonged to the United States—for a year, at least.

But Olmedo had not finished. On January 26, favoring a strained stomach muscle, he crushed Neale Fraser to bring the Australian national title to the United States for the first time since 1951. In February, he became the second Latin American to win the U.S. indoor championship (Segura was the first, in 1946).

So powerful is Olmedo's serve that some compare him to Pancho Gonzales; so marvelous his backhand that few can return it; so keen his intuition that he seems always to be in the right place at the right time. The consensus now is that he stands an excellent chance of winning the "grand slam" of amateur tennis this year, by adding the British, U.S., and French national titles to his Australian victory. No one knows exactly what Salvador Olmedo had in mind when he spoke of a "secret weapon," but it looks as if his boy Alex had found it. \*



# father i

A short story by **VIRGILIO ALEJANDRO DÍAZ**

Illustrated by **JOCELYN BALL**

WHEN the priest's voice stopped and silence reigned anew in the small church, the men moved toward the coffin and lifted it carefully from the wooden bench where it had been resting. Eduardo was not among those who hastened to discharge that duty. During the brief ceremony he had withdrawn mentally from his surroundings,

VIRGILIO ALEJANDRO DÍAZ writes fiction as a hobby; his principal occupation is as Undersecretary of Finance of the Dominican Republic. JOCELYN BALL is a highly regarded Washington painter (specializing in murals) and art teacher.

and only when someone brushed past him did he realize that the priest had finished the oration and the funeral procession was forming.

He stepped aside to let the pallbearers go by, then accompanied them down the church steps. At his side, the coffin rocked uneasily as the men hesitantly descended. One stumble would without doubt end in a catastrophe. And Eduardo objectively contemplated such a possibility, because he was observing everything that was going on around him as if he were a stranger, a spectator watch-

ing a drama unfold, secretly confident of a surprise ending.

But nothing unusual happened. The men reached the street, sweaty and panting, and breathed a sigh of relief. They paused momentarily, again coordinated their movements, and calmly began to walk.

In the square in front of the church, the tower clock rang out sonorously, six times. Six o'clock. He had died exactly nine hours before, and the chronometric precision astonished Eduardo. His father would certainly have liked to know that everything had gone off as if on schedule. That each one had fulfilled his obligation consummately— But now neither that nor any other wordly thing could make the old man happy, because he was forever dead, inside that gently swaying, gleaming mahogany box.

His first recollection of his father, stirring in the depths of his memory, was of a terrifying voice that thundered over his head as he ran to take shelter in the warmth of his mother's lap. That scene must have been repeated many times, because he associated it with various activities of his childhood. The first riding lessons (the old man furiously striking a crop against his boots: "Some day I'll make a man of this sissy!") And the boy's terror as he perched precariously atop the horse)— Or the first time he fired a shotgun, which he could barely hold in his trembling hands (the irate voice of his father at his back: "Pull the trigger right now, you coward!") — His first unexpected plunge into the sea, the anguish of going straight to the bottom, his mute cries beneath the water, and the hateful laughter of the old man high on the diving board—

Eduardo felt a hand on his shoulder: "I share your feelings, boy." "Thank you, thank you very much." (Did the expression on his face suit the circumstances? Was he giving all those people the impression of a deep grief, discreetly expressed? Perhaps he had better ask one of the pallbearers to let him take his place. Yes, they unquestionably expected something like that from him.)

It was a Sunday afternoon. The old man never entered his son's room; but that day, as he passed by the door, he must have suspected something when the boy, hearing his footsteps in the hallway, jumped to close the bottom drawer of the wardrobe. Dressed in his freshly pressed white Sunday suit, he seemed taller and more imposing than ever. He stopped a minute, then without a word came in. Taking the cardboard from its hiding place, he tore it from top to bottom with a single movement of his strong hands. "If I ever find any more foolishness like this around the house, it'll be your face that's torn to shreds! And stop crying, damn it, men don't cry!"

And now his hands were motionless, folded across his empty chest, and they would never more destroy anything—

Someone touched his shoulder lightly and, without a word, offered to take his place. (It was about time!) He stepped quickly to one side, flexing his hands to relieve the cramp. At that moment the slow, silent procession moved through the gates of the cemetery.

The family mausoleum was at the opposite end. It was of simple construction, not at all showy; nevertheless, it seemed impressive alongside the modest tombs around it. In the second row of crypts, a little to the left of center, the black opening was waiting—

The men set the casket on the earthen floor, mopped the sweat from their brows, and closely observed the mason's deft, precise movements as he mixed cement and damp sand.

"Good face for a study," thought Eduardo, scrutinizing the man's strong, angular features as he concentrated on the job before him.

Now he would work hard. He would have to make up for lost time. The very next morning he would bring his canvases and paints from the capital. For a studio, he would use the big room at the back of the house, the one that opened onto the terrace. Maybe after a year of intensive work he would be ready for a scholarship—

At a signal from the mason, the men lifted the coffin and began to put it into the crypt. At first it slid easily toward the back, but suddenly, as if there were some obstruction, it stopped and could not be budged.

The men, speaking in low voices, consulted among themselves.

"... The coffin is too wide. . . ."

"... There must be something inside. . . ."

"... It's the handles. Let's take them off. . . ."

"... You grab that end. Let's take it out. . . ."

Almost without realizing what he was doing, seized by some obscure, irresistible impulse, Eduardo ran forward, roughly pushing aside the pallbearers. Laying first his hands and then his shoulder against the protruding end of the casket, he pushed with all his might, desperately, as if his whole life depended on it. Finally, the casket thudded against the rear wall of the crypt.

Only then did he move back a few steps, trembling and breathing heavily. While the mason set about his work, Eduardo stood speechless and motionless, staring at the opening until the last brick sealed it shut forever. \*

# mage

"Please, may I?" and he caught hold of the casket. His arm muscles tensed, the veins on his temples stood out, and his face turned red. The old man weighed a lot. He always had been heavy. Tall and massive, like a tower. Muscles of iron and powerful hands— Those enormous spade-like hands. Reddish, covered with fuzzy hair that was turning gray with age. Hands that were always busy, with no time for caresses. How vividly he remembered the brutality of those hands as they ripped his first drawing!

# THEATER

## *in the Americas*

JOSÉ PICHEL

THE First Pan American Theater Festival, which took place in Mexico City early last fall and was originally scheduled to last nine weeks, was such an overwhelming success that it was "held over" for two extra weeks. Nine troupes, representing seven nations—Chile, Cuba, El Salvador, Mexico, Peru, the United States, and Venezuela—staged nineteen plays; and, except for the Salvadorean company, each presented at least one work by a native author.

Any lack created by the absence of participants from more countries—with Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay most sorely missed because of their outstanding accomplishments in the theater—was amply compensated for by the delightful contributions from nations whose theatrical achievements had not been known abroad before. This is especially true of Peru, which won laurels for the best work by a native playwright and for the best production, and of Venezuela, despite the critics' adverse reaction to its first group.

There is sufficient proof of the Festival's success in the box-office take alone. Only twice did the Mexican National Institute of Fine Arts, as sponsor, have to make up the guaranteed minimum. Capacity crowds flocked to the Teatro del Bosque in Chapultepec Park, even though a program of prize-winning films from all over the world was drawing some nine thousand spectators a day to the near-by National Auditorium and virtually monopolizing entertainment in the entire city.

JOSÉ PICHEL, an Argentine journalist who was a regular contributor to the Buenos Aires papers *El Mundo* and *Clarín*, has for the past two years been living in Mexico, where he writes movie scripts.

The first to perform was the Cuban troupe Sala Talia, which presented *Alta Política*, María Alvarez Ríos' translation of *Affairs of State*, by Louis Verneuil. This play, which is light comedy rather than the vaudeville type of thing Verneuil frequently turned out, was probably written while he was in the United States doing movie scripts, just before he returned to his native France and met a tragic death. It is a pleasant satire on the practices of certain U.S. politicians, considered from an obviously French viewpoint. There is certainly nothing significant about it—no serious "message"—but it is well constructed and amusing.

Without exception, the performances were up to the highest professional standards. Particularly brilliant was Teresa María Rojas, an excellent actress whose only fault is that her diction needs a little polishing. Though Eva Vázquez, who played the feminine lead, is also quite talented, she did not go over so well with the Festival audiences because of her adherence to an outmoded Spanish school of acting that the modern Mexican theater shuns. Among the men, Ángel Espade did an especially fine job, but only a shade better than Luis Oquendo, Homero Gutiérrez, and Roberto Monasterio. Roberto Peláez successfully adapted his direction to the spirit of the play; and the scenery was adequate, considering that the company had to make do with whatever the Institute had on hand.

Next came the Sala Prado 260, with only three players, which made it the smallest group at the Festival. Like the Sala Talia, it was sponsored by the Theater Department of the Cuban National Institute of Culture. The play was *Un Color para Este Miedo* (A Color for

This Fear), by Ramón Ferreira, who won the Cuban national literary prize in 1952 with his first work, *Tiburón y Otros Cuentos* (Shark, and Other Stories). His first play, *¿Dónde Está la Luz?* (Where Is the Light?), was staged in Havana in 1956, and later in New York. *Un Color para Este Miedo*, his second, deals forcefully and courageously with racial discrimination: the title refers to some people's fear of having any but pure Spanish blood in their veins.

As an author, Ferreira is searching and profound and he writes well, but as a playwright he still falls short. In the beginning, this play achieves moments of great tension, which the ramifications of the subject could sustain for, say, thirty or forty minutes; but a series of needless repetitions stretches it to an hour and a half. Inevitably, the tension lags and the audience grows weary. If Ferreira hopes to make the most of his talent as a playwright, he must give up trying to write dialogue as literature and confine himself strictly to the dramatic development of the plot. This effort may tire him, but not his audiences.

The staging of *Un Color para Este Miedo* effectively created an initial atmosphere of suspense, which ultimately became oppressive because the element of contrast was lacking, the lighting dim, and the actors' movements slow and infrequent. Written primarily as a vehicle for the leading lady, Adela Escartín, it did indeed allow her to display her talents to best advantage. However, the same cannot be said for Anisia Diaz and Luz Marina Cáceres, for their roles were so minor that they had no chance to prove their capabilities. Nor did Carlos Piñero's direction do anything to make up for the play's defects—

*Signs on National Auditorium in Chapultepec Park announce Theater Festival in near-by Teatro del Bosque. Though Argentina did not participate, it was hoped until last minute that company of performers living in Mexico could be got together*



though it did a lot for Adela Escartín.

The Catholic University Players, from the United States, made the Festival the last stop on their tour of twelve Latin American countries (see *AMÉRICAS*, May 1953). Besides the nineteen student actors, there were in the company Dr. Josephine M. Callan, general director; Father Gilbert V. Hartke, stage director; James D. Waring, set designer; and Joseph Lewis, wardrobe man. First they presented *The Song of Bernadette*, adapted from Franz Werfel's novel by Jean and Walter Kerr; then a program of three one-act plays: *Lord Byron's Love Letter*, by Tennessee Williams; *Where the Cross Is Made*, by Eugene O'Neill; and *The Happy Journey*, by Thornton Wilder.

With a role for every member, *Bernadette* was a superb example of ensemble acting at its best. Since talent seemed to be divided almost equally among the young players, only the personalities or importance of the characters made some of the performances more outstanding than others: Jane Reilly, as Bernadette; Myrna Pagan, as Louise Soubirous; Bebeann Pidgeon, replacing Mary Jo Randall on opening night, as Sister Marie Thérèse Vauzous; Bernard Coyne, as Soubirous; and Clem Feeny, as Dean Peyramale. It marked a real triumph for the University Players, who put across the full emotional impact of the theme—and, incidentally, confirmed the generally held view that the United States has the best theater in the Hemisphere. However, the play's dramatic values only partially disguised certain defects that result from following the original novel too closely and from trying to teach a lesson that does not come off too well on stage.

The second program was more rewarding, since it was a sort of brief, well-balanced anthology of contemporary U.S. dramatists. There was the romanticism and refinement of Tennessee Williams' play, the violence and crudeness of Eugene O'Neill's, the humor and charm of Thornton Wilder's. All were good plays, well performed and faultlessly directed. And though the audiences were smaller because of the language difficulty, they were nonetheless enthusiastic.

The Association of Amateur Artists of Peru put on *Collacocha*, by their fellow countryman Enrique Solari Swayne. First staged in Lima in 1956, this play reveals a talented dramatist who is capable of taking a native theme, modern and thought-provoking, and achieving universality. The story is true: during the construction of the Cañón del Pato hydroelectric plant in Callejón de Huaylas, a lake, swollen by Andean thaws, flooded, demolished everything, and killed more than 150 Peruvian workers. The title, a combination of two Quechua words—*colla*, or "the Inca's wife," and *cocha*, or "lake"—symbolizes the doom that envelops the play. But the conclusions are not negative. Quite the contrary. They extol the Peruvians' confidence in their work and in their destiny, which will overcome any obstacle or temporary setback.

The drama itself and the extraordinary production were worthy of the exalted theme. The first act cleverly introduces the characters and lays the groundwork for the extreme tension that reaches its peak in the second. In the third and last act the tension is relaxed, to no advantage. In my opinion, the play would have been perfect if the author had opened with the elements that made up the third act and had ended with the second. However, this fault neither ruins the play nor makes it dull. The development of the first two acts is enough to give an idea of Solari Swayne's depth and vitality and his ability to transform a dry and difficult theme into an exceptional drama.

Luis Álvarez, playing the lead role of the engineer Echecopar, drew more acclaim than the other members of a generally excellent cast. The critic from the daily *Novedades* wrote that his performance alone was almost enough to justify the entire Festival. And Luis Álvarez the director did an even more superlative job—though it seems impossible—than Luis Álvarez the actor. Alberto Terry's functional settings and the unusual lighting and sound effects re-created every aspect of the Andean atmosphere of the tragedy. The audience was almost overwhelmed by the sensation of disaster in the second act. One man remarked, "I thought the theater was coming down"; and another added, "I was more frightened than I was during last year's earthquake." Though Peru was only third on the Festival program, *Collacocha* was such a tremendous hit that even then it seemed sure to win the first prize—and did.

The fourth presentation, by a company made up of Chileans living in Mexico and Guatemala, was two one-act plays by the Chilean author Isidora Aguirre. It was disappointing, especially in view of the high standards of the Chilean theater. Also, several very talented Chilean

performers—Malú Gatica and Sara Guasch, to name only two—are living and working in Mexico and have won great popularity with audiences there, yet for some reason they were not included.

Both *Pacto de Medianoche* (Midnight Pact) and *Carolina* are insignificant plays, not because they are short but because they are shallow and their themes are dull. Indisputably talented, Isidora Aguirre writes well and knows how to build a plot. She must have dashed off these plays just to pass time, and it is hard to understand why they were chosen to represent a country that has so many outstanding dramatists.

The performances of Alicia Quiroga, in both plays, and Eduardo Alcaraz, in *Carolina*, were pleasantly adequate; those of Domingo Tessier, Raúl Zenteno, and Carlos Cecchi, discreet. Tessier's direction of *Pacto de Medianoche* and Zenteno's of *Carolina* were inconsistent and uninspiring. The sets, designed by Lucho Guzmán and constructed by Santiago Burgos, served their purpose.

The first Venezuelan group to perform, the Teatro Universitario, staged *El Día de Antero Albán* (The Day of Antero Albán), by the noted Venezuelan literary figure Arturo Uslar Pietri; *Don Juan Tenorio*, by the nineteenth-century Spanish dramatist José Zorrilla; and *Die Gewehre der Frau Carrar* (under the title *Los Fusiles de la Madre Carrar*, or Mrs. Carrar's Guns), by Bertolt Brecht.

Uslar Pietri's play is not up to what you might hope for from an author of his stature, even though drama is not his forte. The construction of *El Día de Antero Albán* is poorly balanced, and there are echoes in it of bygone influences that have no place in the modern theater. *Don Juan Tenorio*, rather freely adapted, could not possibly have aroused much interest in a city where the once-traditional annual performance of Zorrilla's play has long since been discontinued. On the other hand, Brecht's work, which is also quite well known, has all the power and depth that people have learned to expect from the author of *The Threepenny Opera*.

There are varying degrees of talent among the members of the Teatro Universitario company. Yolanda Avenida (Doña Inés de Ulloa in *Don Juan Tenorio*, Mrs. Carrar, and the feminine lead in *El Día de Antero Albán*) and Herman Lejter (Don Luis Mejía, Pedro, and Antero Albán) gave the most outstanding performances. The rest were sometimes good, sometimes bad.

The direction of Gonzalo Curiel—who also designed the sets, with the assistance of Antonio Sabater and Jacobo Borges—showed little experience. Most noticeable was his adherence to certain rigid concepts whose apparent logic is contradictory to the logic of the theater and, to an even greater degree, to that of the audience. He simplified the sets to the point of abstraction, ignoring an indispensable scenic reality and classifying it, in a declaration of principles, as false. This simplicity was very effective in expressing the poverty of the fishing village in Brecht's play, but it adulterated the romantic idea and the nature of the era of Zorrilla's work. Furthermore, it added neither life nor passion to Uslar Pietri's already schematic play.



Ustar Pietri's *El Dia de Antero* by Albán. Rafael Solana, in *Siempre*, criticized Venezuelan production as "disappointing," "pedantic," "lacking naturalness and spontaneity"; scenery was "specimen from antiquity"



Jane Reilly, of Catholic University Players, in lead role of *Song of Bernadette*. Tiempo: "magnificent, excellent"; Siempre: "faultless"



The Doctor in Spite of Himself was put on by second Venezuelan group, which drew highly complimentary reviews



The Happy Journey, by Wilder. Second program by U.S. group was three one-act plays by modern dramatists

Cortés (Carlos López Moctezuma) and his Indian mistress (Isabela Corona), in *La Leña Está Verde*, drama that shows Conquistador as warmly human





La Niña Casadera. Kindest reaction to both play and performance was that "the Venezuelans did not understand Ionesco"



Peruvian Ambassador Aramburu and his wife backstage on opening night of Collacocha. At right, actor-director Luis Alvarez

The second Venezuelan troupe, the Teatro Compás, was far superior—for its more evenly distributed talent, its more modern concept of the theater, and its greater restraint in experimenting with scenery. There is no point in reviewing each of the five plays presented: *El Cornudo Apaleado y Contento* (The Whipped and Contented Cuckold), adapted to the theater from a story by Boccaccio; *The Doctor in Spite of Himself*, by Molière; *La Niña Casadera* (The Marrying Girl), a little-known play by Eugène Ionesco; *Gros Chagrins* (under the title *Grandes Penas*), by Georges Courteline; and *Un Curioso Accidente* (A Curious Mishap in English), by Carlo Goldoni. All of them are very familiar, except Ionesco's absurd, disagreeable "work."

Undoubtedly, the main factor in the group's consistent performance is its director, Rumanian-born Romea Costa. It may be that he will repeat the success of other foreign directors who have done much for the theater of their adopted countries. Take, for example, Seki Sano from Japan, Rivas Cheriff from Spain, and Fernando Wagner from Germany, all of whom are working in Mexico, and the Polish director Zbigniew Ziembinski in Brazil. So far, Costa has not shown any particular brilliance, but he

has what the Venezuelan theater needs: respect for the plays, well-balanced direction, and modern ideas about set design.

The presence of two Venezuelan groups at the Festival—the disparity in quality notwithstanding—proved a fact that many critics have overlooked: Venezuela has an up-and-coming theater that, with continued experimenting, will some day be one of the best in the Americas.

The Salvadorian company, sponsored by the General Office of Fine Arts, was one of the big surprises of the Festival with its competent performance of *Le Feu Monsieur Pic* (under the title *El Difunto Señor Pic*), a powerfully dramatic play by Charles de Peyret Chappuis. The key to this success is that the Office of Fine Arts, wanting to encourage theatrical activity in El Salvador, hired experienced directors. The first was Edmundo Barbero of Spain; then Fernando Torre Lapham of Mexico, who directed the Festival presentation. Not only were the Salvadorian players above reproach but they reached a high in ensemble acting. Adelina de Gumero and Marta Alicia de Solis gave stirring performances, and the former won individual acclaim from Festival audiences. Torre Lapham's direction was excellent, and his greatest accomplishment is having achieved such fine results with a group composed almost entirely of drama students from a country that only recently has made any effort to develop a national theater.

Last on the program was Mexico, whose representatives put on *La Leña Está Verde* (The Firewood Is Green), a historical drama by Celestino Gorostiza, the head of the Theater Department of the National Institute of Fine Arts. In his play, Gorostiza tells the story of

Celestino Gorostiza (left), author and director of *La Leña Está Verde*, discusses problems of set design with leading players



Malinche, an extraordinary Indian woman whose fellow tribesmen were vassals of the Aztecs and who helped Hernán Cortés conquer Montezuma's empire. If the author does not justify Malinche, he at least explains her, probing her attitudes and motives and showing her as one of the first mothers to bear a child of mixed European and Indian blood. At the same time, Gorostiza's portrayal of Cortés is warm and human, and the Spaniard appears quite different from the cold, hard person many historians—as well as the celebrated muralist Diego Rivera—have made of him.

*La Leña Está Verde* is sure to provoke controversy among the Mexicans, its dramatic worth notwithstanding. After all, *malinchista* is a derogatory adjective used to describe those Mexicans who prefer anything that is foreign, just because it is foreign. Then too, while there is a monument to Pizarro in Lima and many streets in Buenos Aires are named after the Spanish viceroys, there is nothing in Mexico City that does honor to Cortés.

From a purely artistic standpoint, there is both good and bad in this play. The first-act scene in which Cortés proves his political cleverness marks a high point, as does the one in which the fierce Conquistador confesses his loneliness and anguish to the Indian girl who is to become his loyal follower. Another fine moment is when Malinche expresses how confused she is by the conflict between her feeling for Cortés and Cuauhtémoc's demands. The third-act scene when she sings a Nahuatl lullaby to her mestizo son is also particularly moving. But, strangely enough, Malinche herself is unconvincing as a character. She talks far more than anyone might expect from an Indian girl, even a princess, and her reasoning is more of our time than of the sixteenth century. There is an-

other inconsistency between the development of the plot, which is based on specific historical events that occurred over a span of time, and the development of the character, which requires a more continuous treatment. In the first act, Malinche has just met Cortés; by the second, she has followed him almost to Tenochtitlán; and in the third, she has borne his son, Martín Cortés.

Gorostiza's play is without a doubt courageous and momentous, and its mission is to reconcile the facts of Mexican history. Yet, as in any work of this nature, the author is bound to keep within certain limits: he cannot change the action, add a surprise element, or toy with the facts.

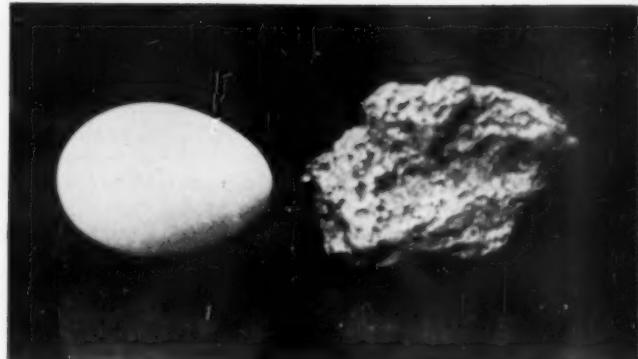
In *La Leña Está Verde*, neither the caliber of the acting nor the staging itself measured up to the usual high standards of Mexican theater art. Gorostiza the director did not do justice to Gorostiza the playwright. Moreover, Isabela Corona, superb actress though she is, simply was not suited to the role of Malinche. Carlos López Moctezuma, another well-known performer, gave a monotonous and lifeless portrayal of Cortés. Other good actors—Arturo Soto Rangel, José Alonso Cano, Jorge del Campo, and Alfredo Barrón—were sadly miscast. And although the costuming was certainly faithful to the period, it could not cover up the obvious falseness of several Indian characters. Nor did Antonio López Mancera's settings create the atmosphere the play required.

This, from the viewpoint of an enthusiastic spectator, was the First Pan American Theater Festival. Though my judgments may sometimes seem hypercritical, they are surely not meant to disparage, for, despite any shortcomings, the Festival proved conclusively that the future of the theater in the Americas is most promising. ♦

Teatro del Bosque, which seats twelve hundred, was filled almost every night, despite competition from world film festival



# gold and



*Nugget mined in mountain wilderness  
is worth five hundred dollars*



*Students at Malcotol in Honduras sometimes numbered over a hundred*

# boys

THOMAS J. ACHESON

IT WAS 1931, and I was looking for gold—hundreds of acres of it spread evenly over the slopes of a mountain in north-central Honduras. Quite by chance, I also found a unique school for boys and a lifelong friend.

A retired miner had told me about the unusual gold deposit. As a geologist, I was intrigued by the natural phenomenon (and as a man with normal acquisitive instincts, by the possibility of getting rich quick). With a native guide, I rode muleback for several days through dense forest broken at rare intervals by small farms or villages. Despite the unrestrained generosity of the people along the way, our journey was exhausting: the native saddles were hard; our long-eared mounts were less than cooperative about going up and down the steep trails; and food was neither too tasty nor too plentiful.

Our destination was a village called, appropriately enough, Minas de Oro, which I knew was near the gold I was seeking. Arriving in mid-afternoon, I was totally unprepared for the striking beauty of the place. Nestled

in a small green valley, it had red-tile roofs half-concealed by fruit trees; a gay brook wound through meadows and under picturesque bridges; flowers cascaded over fences and ancient stone walls. Once down in the village, I began asking questions and was told that I had best consult "The Mister," a man from the States who lived up a mountain trail beyond Minas de Oro.

Two long, craggy miles farther on, we rounded a bend and suddenly came upon a cluster of white farm buildings. Almost at once a dozen or more native boys and a dignified, gray-haired man were there to greet us: "Welcome to Malcotol. I'm Harold Brosious. Is there anything I can do for you?"

When I outlined my mission, he told me that he too was a geologist and mining engineer—and would be happy to give me food and lodging for as long as I liked. In rapid Spanish he instructed two of the boys to show me to my room, then to a spray shower at a near-by waterfall. I had just settled myself on a wide veranda to watch the sun sink behind the pine-clad mountains, when another boy appeared. From the top of a small rise, he blew three blasts on a conch shell, and groups of laugh-

THOMAS J. ACHESON, who went from international investments to gold mining in Honduras and Colombia, is at seventy-three a freelance writer and enthusiastic traveler.

ing, shouting boys—all apparently from about ten to fifteen years old—trooped into the clearing from the forest trails. It was dinner time.

I went with Brosious to a spacious dining hall, where the boys were sitting down at long wooden tables. In a corner, there was a small table reserved for us, and "waiters" stood by with white napkins folded over their arms. My first dinner at Malcotol, like many others that followed over the years, was well prepared and substantial. But what interested me most was the story my host had to tell when I asked: "What on earth are you doing in this remote spot? And who are all these boys?"

"This is my life," he replied, laughing. "Malcotol is my home, and it is both home and school for the boys. Most of them stay with me from five to eight years, and replacements keep the number at about a hundred."

"But where do the boys come from? And how do you keep the school going financially?"

Again he was amused. "You know, I sometimes ask myself those same questions. Maybe I'd better try to answer them for both of us—by starting at the beginning.

"I was born in Minnesota in 1881, and from boyhood was interested in geology and mining. In 1904 I graduated from the Minnesota School of Mines, and six years later a mining company sent me to Honduras. After a few months I returned to the States, but I just couldn't get this beautiful rugged country out of my mind. It wasn't long until I decided to come back and prospect for gold on my own. I came here, set up housekeeping, and spent the daylight hours washing gold from the gravel in the creeks hereabouts.

"But," he continued thoughtfully, "it was lonely work, and the evenings were long and bleak. I had only my books for company. Then one day a barefoot boy, Miguel Angel Morales, came asking for work. He helped me during the day and slept in the house. As we talked, I

learned that he had never gone to school and did not even know the alphabet. That was enough for me."

Night after night, by the light of a kerosene lamp, the young engineer taught the Honduran boy the rudiments of reading and writing, in both Spanish and English. With no one else to talk to and no other distractions, they made extraordinary progress.

"The idea occurred to me," Brosious went on, "that I could teach five or six boys as easily as one—and I could use their help in the gold-washing operation too. So I asked Miguel if he could round up a few others who might like to live and work with us in exchange for an education. The results were immediate and surprising, and I soon had a growing family. The boys and I looked forward to nightfall, time for 'class,' and after a while I began adding to the curriculum.

"Then one day I recalled Louisa May Alcott's *Little Men*, and as the story flooded back into my memory I decided to lay aside my mining tools. Serving others, I thought, was surely the best way to spend a lifetime. Besides, my 'family' needed food and clothing, and there was far too much red ink on the ledger. With the meager



Malcotol, school and (at right) house where Brosious spent the last forty years of his life

equipment I had, it was impossible to mine enough gold to support all of us. The land was fertile, the climate excellent, and the rainfall abundant—what could be better than farming?"

Officials in Minas de Oro turned over to Brosious—tax free—hundreds of acres of unoccupied land. The boys plowed and planted the fields and tended the livestock Brosious had managed to acquire for his new venture. As time went on, there were enough foodstuffs and dairy products left over to bring in small amounts of much-needed cash. Sometimes, too, the boys took part-time or temporary jobs outside. More and more students kept showing up, and all lived at the school. From time to time one would regretfully drop out—most often because he was needed at home—but there was always a waiting list.

Brosious continued his story: "As the years rolled on, the problems seemed to increase. The boys looked to me for everything. I had to be father, mother, teacher, mentor, tailor, friend, nurse, even doctor. Medicines were



Harold I. Brosious, in photograph taken only months before his death, founded and directed school



Map showing Malcotal's location, some eighty-eight rugged miles north of Tegucigalpa, Honduran capital



House of mining-engineer-turned-educator stands in clearing in dense pine forest in Honduras

scarce and expensive, and I frequently had to borrow money to pay for them. If you can believe it, the annual interest on those loans was sometimes 24 per cent.

"Almost before I realized it, I was being asked to treat minor ailments outside the school, for miles in every direction. Fortunately, the climate was healthful, and in all these years only one boy has died. He came from the lowlands and brought malaria. It wasn't the

first case I had treated, but it was the first that didn't respond to the medicine I had in the school dispensary. With some of the other boys helping, I worked over the feverish little fellow twenty-four hours a day. It was 'blackwater' malaria, and I lost. And I confess that I wept unashamedly over the body of a child I had known less than two weeks."

Returning to a more pleasant aspect of his work, Brosious told me how he was constantly amazed by the boys' phenomenal capacity for learning. Because most of the texts at his disposal were in English, he taught chemistry, quantitative analysis, and the like in that language. Students who had never attended school before—and naturally knew no English—sometimes mastered these courses within eighteen months. Obviously, he decided, these outstanding scholars should have the opportunity to study in U.S. high schools or colleges. And when some happy boy was chosen for this honor, "every belt was tightened." Two Malcotal students went all the way through college in the States thanks to the united effort of the whole school.

Still curious about a remark he had made before, I asked: "You said something about giving medical help to people outside the school. Aren't there any doctors around here?"

"Only fifty long, hard trail-miles away. Besides, the expense is far too great for these simple mountain folk. Naturally, I can't refuse to help, even though I'm certainly not prepared to face some of the emergencies that arise. Take the time some years ago when I received an urgent message to visit 'a very sick person' ten miles up in the hills. It took me several hours to get there, and much to my dismay I found a boy at the point of death. He had fallen from a tree onto a picket fence. His parents



Brosious at site of mining excavation near Malcotal that revealed ancient Spanish tunnels and wealth of gold

had carried him into the house and laid him on a bed. One look at the gaping wound in his abdomen, and I told the father that his son could be saved only by a skilled surgeon, that he should be sent at once by plane to the hospital nearly a hundred miles away. What I didn't know was that it was twenty miles by trail to the nearest meadow where a small plane could land and that the people were penniless. When the father said, 'You are our only chance,' I realized it was true. I called for hot

pecting venture, then said: "I think I know just the place you mean. It's less than two miles from here, and there is every evidence of a widespread deposit of fine gold. There are also supposed to be several ancient tunnels, and the older natives have a legend about one of them leading into a vast cavern. I'll go with you, and bring some of the boys along to help."

So it was that we discovered gold, all we had hoped for and more. It took years to develop the mine, but that is another story. I became a regular visitor at Malcotol and soon lost interest in amassing a fortune. Brosious' enthusiasm was contagious, and our gold recoveries helped to support the school.

Year after year, work and classes at Malcotol went on much the same as usual. There were some changes, of course, but mainly in the surroundings: a road that connected the school with the outside world and, only a few miles away by trail, a meadow that had become a landing field for planes.

Early in 1950 I stopped briefly at Malcotol. Rising before dawn on the day of my departure—to make my way to the airfield—I noticed a dim kerosene lamp burning in Brosious' quarters. I walked past the window and saw him, fast asleep with his head resting on a pile of students' papers. I never saw my friend again, for on August 7 of the same year I received a cablegram at my home in California. It was from one of his boys: "Harold L. Brosious died last night. The boys will try to continue the school."

Some time later, I learned that, despite the transportation difficulties, Brosious' ex-students had poured in from all directions—on horseback, on foot—to pay a final tribute to the man who had so radically changed their lives. And he bequeathed Malcotol—buildings, livestock, and some three thousand acres of land—to two of these students: César Zepeda, a successful farmer and businessman, and Modesto Donaire, a teacher and the mayor of Minas de Oro.

These two have had more than their share of problems to cope with, and the situation is aggravated by the fact that neither can devote full time to running the school. First, they had to pay off more than six thousand dollars in debts that Brosious had left. Then, the year after his death, the main building was destroyed by fire. In an effort to get financial assistance from the government, they incorporated the school; however, the only contribution so far came from an old friend of Brosious' in Seattle, Washington. Finally, in 1956, they leased Malcotol for ten years to a Canadian woman by the name of Rowell, who had once run a school for girls. She, too, is finding the going rough, and last year's enrollment was only twenty-two. Not long ago Modesto Donaire wrote me that he is still trying to find ways to help Miss Rowell, since he "would like to see the good work of Mr. Brosious going on forever."

In his lifetime, Harold Brosious, indeed an ambassador extraordinary, helped some six hundred Honduran boys to find fruitful occupation as farmers, businessmen, teachers, bankers, engineers—and all because, as he said, "I once read a good book by a very good woman." \*

*At Malcotol 9 de Mayo de 1937*  
Mister Johnson:

Mister Brosious told us us how kind you are with us, as 2, two months ago that Utey and I want to show you that enter a pit are some grateful we know that if you are good to Mister Brosious are to us too because Mister Brosios give us all the things that he can and for that reason we want to ~~you~~ write to you some letters when you are not here but we don't know your direction and we want it, because if we don't know it we can't write you, please give it to us that we will write to you.

As ever yours dear friends.

Boys: Alejandro Donald  
and  
Guillermo Longton

Letter to author from two Malcotol boys, their first in English. On arrival at school, most were illiterate, spoke only Spanish

water and a coarse needle. I tried to put that boy's vital parts back where I thought they came from, then sewed the finest seam I could. Miraculously, he is here at Malcotol right now, getting his education with the rest."

Dinner was over. The boys, chattering in English almost as much as in Spanish, were leaving the tables and scattering to their classes. Brosious explained that he had to leave me to my own devices for the rest of the evening. Classes, some of them taught by older students, would end at nine; and he would be up as usual at four the next day.

In the morning Brosious asked more about my pros-

# fresh water from the sea

ONE of mankind's oldest enemies is drought. It is more than coincidence that another is hunger. Areas like the parched west coast of South America and some of the Caribbean islands will be watching closely the results of the project shown on these pages.

Completed late last year in the Netherlands Antilles island of Aruba, just off Venezuela, this is the world's largest plant for the conversion of sea water into fresh. It can purify 2,700,000 gallons a day, and at the same time produce 15,000 kilowatts of electricity. It was built at a cost of twenty million florins (about \$10,600,000) and will be paid for out of revenue over a twenty-year period.

Actually, there is nothing new about the idea of employing the earth's abundance of sea or brackish water to make up for its niggardliness with the more useful kind. Large or medium-sized conversion plants of various types are already in operation from Saudi Arabia to California. Argentina, Ecuador, and Venezuela have them, and Aruba itself is merely replacing one that had neared capacity. But the cost of water thus produced is so high that, except in unusual circumstances, these methods are as yet no solution to the world-wide problem. The success of the new Aruba plant will be measured by what happens to the consumption of water there, for the production cost per unit will go down as the volume goes up.

When the island depended on the old plant, this cost was about half a cent per gallon. With the new plant, on the basis of past rates of increase in consumption and population, the government assumes that over the years

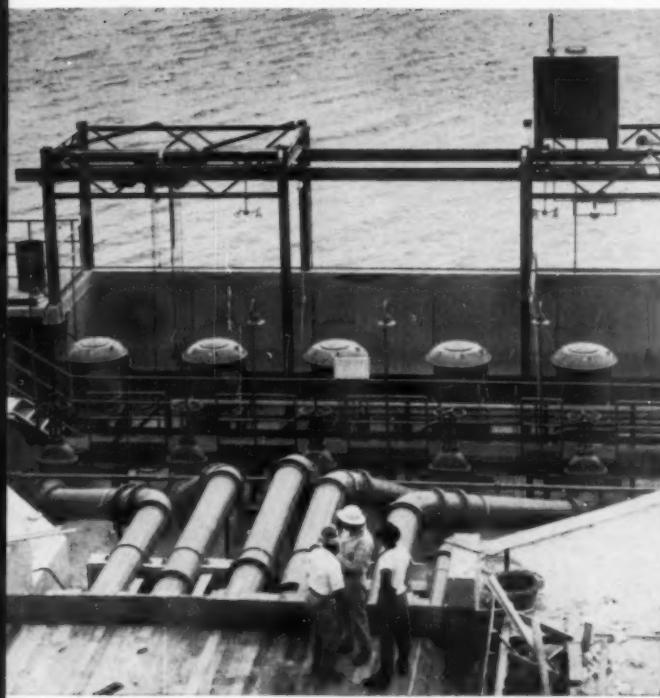
the cost will average a fifth of a cent per gallon. If economic development should bring about a sharp rise in consumption, so that the plant's capacity is almost fully utilized, the cost will drop to about a seventh of a cent. But even if sales to small consumers should not increase and the population should remain stable, the cost will still be under two fifths of a cent, or 27 per cent less than formerly. A much cheaper process (under a dollar per thousand gallons) has been announced by the U.S. Interior Department but so far is used only in a pilot plant.

Aruba, sixty-nine square miles in area and with a population of fifty-four thousand, has less precipitation than the Texas Panhandle. During the nineteenth century, its forests were cut down so that aloes could be cultivated, and in consequence the warm air rising from the bare land keeps rain from falling. Though the island is prosperous nowadays because it is the site of the largest oil refinery in the world, it is interested in diversifying its economy by means of tourism and industry. With the new addition to its supply of water and power, Aruba now has plenty of both for this purpose.

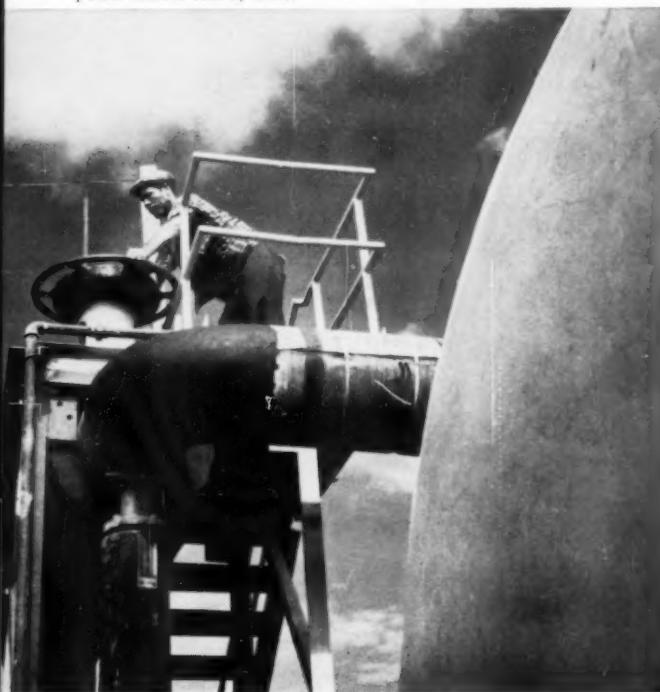
It also has, in one eight-acre plot, all the vegetables it needs. On this unique farm, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, peppers, and melons are grown in gravel in tanks and fed with nutrient solutions made from the distilled sea water. Since fifteen to twenty times as much can be produced in this way as on high-grade farmland, the island need no longer import, say, tomatoes from Venezuela at forty cents a pound or from Miami at sixty-five; it grows its own at between fifteen and thirty-five cents and has enough left over for export. \*

*Constant trade wind sculptures divi-divi trees of Aruba into strange shapes but drops little rain on arid Caribbean island*

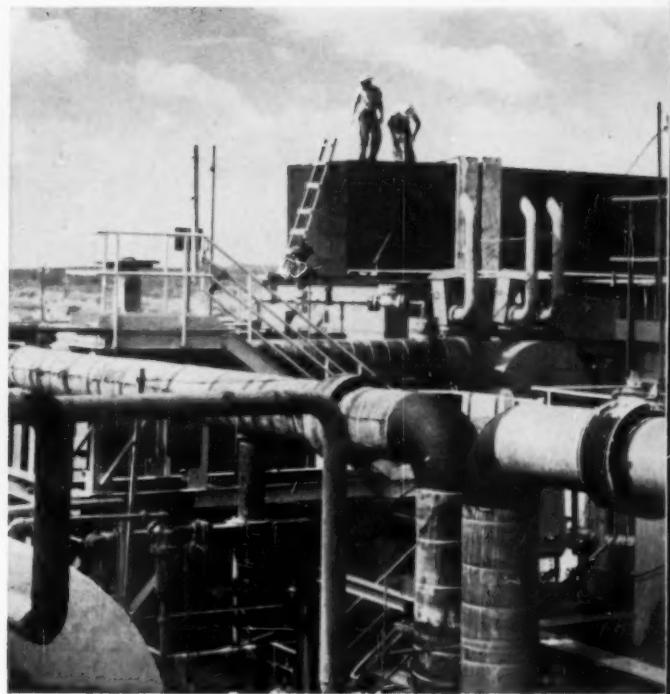




*At new distillation plant, five pumps draw in sea water to begin production of fresh. Output will satisfy all needs for many years*

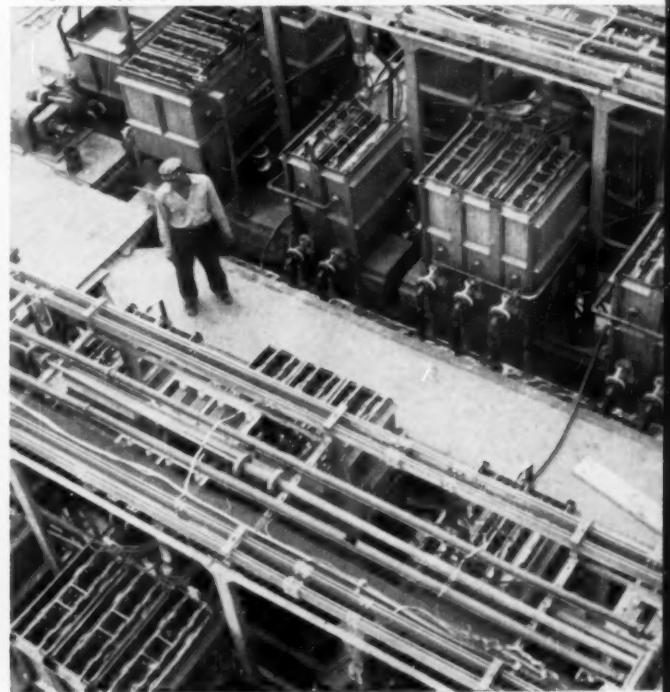


*At this point steam is drawn off to produce electricity. Sale of power lowers cost of water*



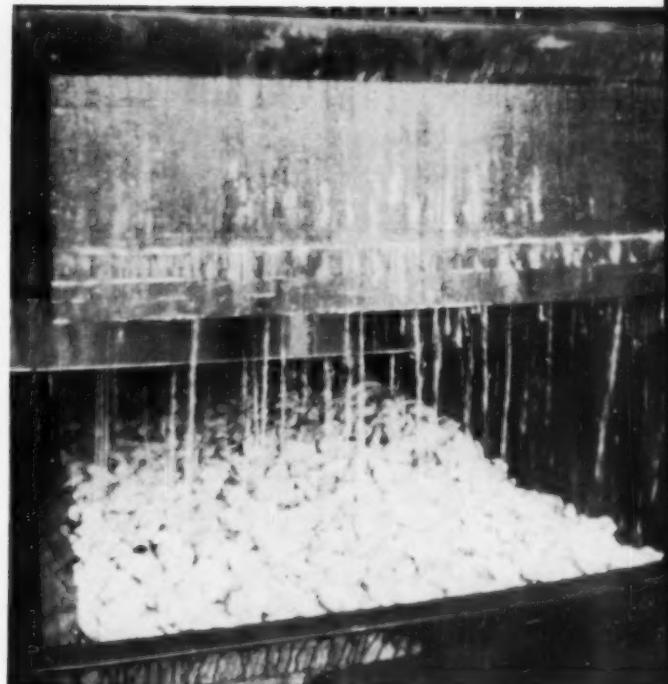
*First step is manufacture of steam, which is sent through this giant network of pipes*

*The electric plant. Its capacity of 15,000 kilowatts is more than enough to supply projected new industry and other needs*

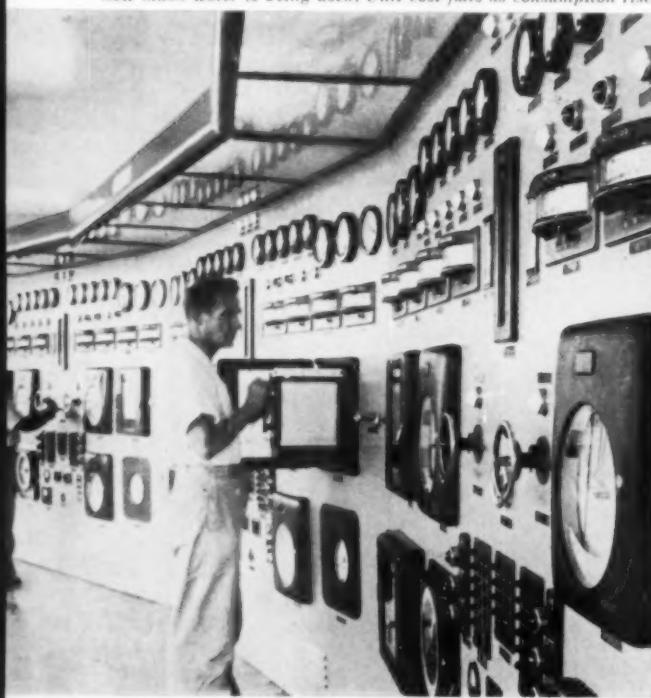




Each of these evaporators has capacity of 540,000 gallons a day. Distilled vapor passes into condensers, where fresh water is formed



Finally, as distilled water has no taste, it is poured over coral rock to add mineral content—just as happens with natural water



Engineer studies with interest dials on control panel that show how much water is being used. Unit cost falls as consumption rises

Eight-acre tank farm grows enough vegetables for entire population. Distilled sea water with nutrients added is circulated to crops





### LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN

Founded nineteen years ago as an advertising and sales-promotion bi-weekly, the Brazilian magazine PN has slowly changed in character. It is now a general business weekly, and its pages contain articles of wide interest, many of them in a lighter vein. Here, the novelist *Orígenes Lessa*, an adman himself, writes about a campaign to disarm children:

They play with guns. Hero kills villain. Villain kills hero. Revolver on the hip, machine gun in the hands. Armored cars, cannons, atomic weapons. They all kill.

"Bang! Bang!"

Shoot daddy. Shoot mummy. Shoot friends. Shoot sister. Draw the sword and thrust. Set up the cannon and fire. There comes the enemy column. There come the cops, if the boy is the outlaw. There comes the murderer, if the kid is the policeman. Policeman or outlaw, outlaw or policeman, he always kills. He grows up killing. On the screen, in magazines, in the papers, his heroes shoot, his heroes use strange weapons, mysterious tricks, nuclear explosives. . . . They kill humans, they liquidate Martians. Their heroes kill, so they kill also. The maid comes to tell them it's bath time, shoot the maid. Mother says it is time for homework. Undercover shot at mother. Fire! Fire! Fire! You play dead. "You can't talk any more, you're dead." Bang! Bang! And the slaughter goes on. . . .

Amidst the general killing, known in every home, in every kindergarten, on every sidewalk, and in every park,

a frightened man—one man became frightened!—looks into the future. His name is Candeias (Lamps), and may he shed his light for a long time. Olegário Ribeiro Candeias. The U.S.S.R. demands that the United States disarm. The United States wants the U.S.S.R. to disarm. The whole of mankind looks at the future in horror, still remembering two world holocausts, another hundred minor wars in this half century. Newspapermen, speech-makers, priests, fathers, mothers, soldiers clamor for disarmament, they clamor for peace. Meetings, conferences, treaties come and go, men disagree, insist—all in the name of peace. Millions of words and dollars are spent in endless negotiations, so that peace may finally reign among nations. All alone, Candeias is carrying on a personal crusade. He is not concerned with peoples, he would rather not think of nations. What bothers him is the massacres on the sidewalks, the shootings in the kindergarten. Let the adults invent weapons that might destroy the earth, if used. The adults are too grown-up. You can't do anything with them any more. What is inconceivable is that, only three years old, Johnny is killing, Jane being murdered. And Candeias alone, Olegário Ribeiro Candeias, unfurls the flag of his crusade. He launches the Campaign for Children's Disarmament. Hero today, villain tomorrow, says Candeias, justly alarmed. Crime news in Brazil and all over the world confirms, every day, the truth of what Candeias says. Bandits today, still adolescent, are yesterday's heroes. The perverted playboys, the juvenile delinquents

come straight from the shootings in the kindergarten, from the killings on the sidewalks, from the guns, the tanks, the cannons, the small atomic bombs given on birthdays, at Christmas, as an incentive to study or as a reward for good behavior.

Amid the butchery—bite the dust, hero, die, you murderer, crack up, you spy—Olegário Ribeiro Candeias visits schools, gives lectures, writes articles, travels in the country, comes to Rio, has been to Stockholm, talks and talks. Children must be disarmed! Parents, teachers, statesmen listen to this voice crying in the wilderness! Lawmakers, stop and think! Toymakers, earn your money manufacturing something else. There are many things to amuse and entertain children. Guns are not for Christmas, the night of peace! Cannons are not for birthdays. And whoever puts out such magazines, those magazines in which killing people is the characters' favorite occupation, deserves to be shot too, and for real!

Listen to this man, who went to the Brazilian Press Association . . . asking support for his crusade. I saw this man, who lobbies in Congress for Bill No. 3902, which forbids the import, manufacture, and sale of toys in the shape of instruments of war or deadly weapons. I see him canvassing, going from door to door, seeking signatures for his petition demanding the passage of the bill. He already has fifty thousand names. He will get many more. He will go on talking, preaching, cursing, writing, insisting, getting hoarse, asking for support for his campaign, demanding help.

My support is not worth much, but

I give it wholeheartedly. . . . Let us disarm our children! Let them march to the future with no blood, however make-believe, dripping from their hands. My only fear is that in the future, when real war comes, they will find themselves lost and maladjusted, like men who have had no childhood.

### AT YOUR SERVICE

As the official publication of the Cuban tobacco industry, the monthly magazine *Habana* is naturally quite specialized in content. However, there is an occasional article of general interest, like the following light commentary by Alvaro de Laiglesia of Spain:

Bellboys, those Lilliputians who wear the garb of the circus where they perform, grow in all climes. Indispensable to world comfort, they are as useful as the taxicab and the telegraph. They save the average citizen a daily walk of something over a mile. If it were not for bellboys, we would have to convey our own condolences on the death of someone we only tolerated in life; to deliver that letter requesting a loan—and wait for an answer; to return the umbrella we borrowed from a friend the day before. . . . If it were not for these boys with men's faces (who have aged prematurely from running here and there), we would waste precious minutes of our ephemeral existence going to the cigar store for matches, to the drugstore for bicarbonate, to the bakery for coffee cake. . . .

Bellboys, their speed and habits, vary from latitude to latitude. The Swede, for example, is usually quite tall, and covers the same territory with a few long strides as a Latin does on a dead run. But, to his disadvantage, he speaks only Swedish, so there is no way to explain an errand to him. The German messenger is efficient but lacks initiative. If you put the wrong address on a note, he will leave if there even if the residents threaten mayhem, and it will never occur to him to try and find the person for whom it was intended.

The Frenchman . . . is ingenious and extremely discreet. Send him with three love letters to three different women, and none will ever know of the existence of the other two—unless,

of course, he is bribed with tips of more than a thousand francs.

The English bellboy is so stuffy and dignified that he will never accept a one-shilling tip. He demands at least two.

The Cuban, like his counterparts in all tropical countries, is very slow. Ten years ago, in Havana, I gave a bellboy a hundred-dollar bill and asked him to

get change. I am still waiting for him to come back.

In the United States, with that blessed standard of living that seems so high, this service is only for millionaires. It costs as much there to send a bellboy to apologize to a chorus girl for breaking a date as it does to go on a spree with a whole chorus line here.

Undoubtedly the finest specimen of

### A FORÇA DO HABITO

ORLANDO MATTOS



"The Force of Habit." Lower right reads: "The newspaperman's wife wrings out the clothes."—*Folha da Noite, São Paulo*



"On that new Pan American plane, you get to Acapulco in twenty-three minutes."

"Pretty soon you'll be arriving before you leave." —Unión, Mexico City

this small, lively breed . . . is the Spanish bellboy. Not only are our messengers willing to buzz off on whatever errand is requested but they also continually make suggestions. "Shall I get you a cab?" they ask the confused tourist who was thinking about visiting one of those boring museums, just to escape boredom. He accepts the offer, even if he does not know where the devil he can go in a taxi. . . . "Would you like two tickets to a soccer game?" they ask the intellectual whose most strenuous athletic activity is balling up bread crumbs and flipping them around. "Should I telephone your girlfriend?" they ask the lonely patron who is looking into his drink as if he were about to dive in and drown himself.

During the years of customs restrictions and foreign-exchange shortages, our bellboys expanded their list of services by providing small products that were not exactly what you might call locally manufactured. You could ask for nylon stockings or a Parker pen. Press one of the many buttons on their jackets, and they would come up with medicines, lighters, gold for false teeth, and even uranium. . . .

The Spanish bellboy—sallow-complexioned, thin as a greyhound, and looking as picaresque as Lazarillo de Tormes—brings whatever you want in a *periquete* (a measure of time that

exists only in Spain, probably goes back to the Celtic metric system, and is the equivalent of eighteen seconds). He will not put on a coat even on the coldest winter day. His only protection against pneumonia is his showy, thin woolen jacket and the heat generated by his gallop. He does not care too much about the tip, since he is motivated principally by a sporting spirit. He adores the street and enjoys the threat he poses to children and sparrows; he crosses the wide sidewalks like a bullfighter . . . ; he bolts up steps four at a time, ignoring elevators, even on the rare occasions when they work.

If they ever hold a world-championship match for bellboys in Stockholm, our team will take all the cups. Especially if they are made of silver.

### THE DOLL'S HOUSE

Síntesis, a small but fat monthly published in San Salvador, is a general-interest magazine with literary leanings. It is illustrated with delightful black-and-white drawings. The following essay is by V. Emmanuel O.:

Almost in the exact center of San Salvador, on the west side of the Tax Administration building, marked with the number 55, is a humble dwelling where lives an unpretentious man: Alejandro Campos.

Eighty-some years old and still going strong, he dresses simply and somewhat carelessly. More than half his life has been spent at one occupation: repairing dolls.

A doll with a fractured skull, a dislocated arm, or a broken leg; a doll whose eyes will no longer open and shut; one that used to say "mamma" but has fallen silent—all are promptly treated and cured in this Doll Hospital. . . . Most of the patients, of all sizes and sorts, are hopeless cases when they arrive, but they all leave the old man's hands in good-as-new condition. His work is so widely known that his services are in constant demand. . . .

When I went to see him, a young couple were there with a doll that had both arms broken. He made a thorough examination, then fixed a price. Three colons, and it would be ready on Wednesday. The couple agreed to the charge, with no haggling, and

turned to leave. "Wait a minute!" he called. "You're in too much of a hurry. Oh, all this rushing about! Don't you know that because of those fast-moving wheels"—he pointed at a car that sped by—"many people have died? Don't hurry; it's better to take things slowly. What interests me is the customer's name, and you haven't told me yours."

After supplying the information he wanted, the people departed, talking over what had happened.

"You see, my friend," he went on, to me, "how many people dash around like mad. . . . How many dear ones we have cried over because of just such heedlessness."

The old man left his philosophizing in mid-air and pointed to something on the other side of the street.

"Look, that's a big mistake," he said, indicating a bronze plaque on a crumbling house across the way. . . . The legend on the plaque paid posthumous homage to General Manuel José Arce, father of our independence, who was supposed to have died in that house. . . . "My father"—he pointed to an oil portrait—"was a great friend of the General's, and . . . took him into his home to spend his last days. I have proofs of this, and one of them is the house itself. The construction is obviously ancient—adobe bricks and beams held in place by vines, since nails were virtually unknown in those days."

We went through the house on a careful inspection tour, and it did indeed seem a colonial relic. I stopped to look at a photograph of a pretty young girl that was beside an image of the Virgin of the Sorrows.

"My first wife," he said. "She was quite lovely, and as innocent as that Virgin." (A troubled look crossed his face and tears welled up in his eyes.) "I committed the sin of taking her from her parents, only to lose her. But I don't repent it, because someone had to take her and at least my intentions were good. My second wife is the mother of my children, all grown now. I had a chance to marry a wealthy woman, but I didn't because I have my pride. I don't like to be dependent on anyone, and I do like to rule the house. It is the cock that crows, not the hen. If the hen crows,

it is utter calamity. My friend," he went on, with a melancholy air, "I know of such a couple, and you should see how much trouble there is."

As I was saying goodbye to this gentle old man, I promised to write an article about him. "Don't bother," he replied. "It's not worth the trouble to talk so much about so little. My only entertainment is this pile of dolls that give me a living in exchange for what I give them..."

### THANKS A LOT

*Vea y Lea* is one of the most popular magazines on Argentine newsstands today, which is not surprising when readers know they can be sure to find

something to please every taste. The following logic comes from *Piolín de Macramé* and is illustrated by Garaycochea:

Gratitude is the gesture that immediately follows a favor. After that, no more gratitude. It becomes a right. The right to a second favor. And to a third. And so on. When the last favor is denied us, then we have the absolute and irrevocable right to ingratitude. Thus gratitude is but delayed ingratitude.

The word "thanks" comes to the lips the most easily of all words. Once spoken, it loses its effectiveness. And then, from having meant a lot, it



comes to mean nothing. More than an expression, it is a reaction. Like the smile of a fool. Or of a woman with pretty teeth.

If we refuse the first favor, we win ingratitude straight off. Which, undoubtedly, is business. Since it costs us nothing. If cursing is nothing. Slander and backbiting. But since, in the end, we get the same results by being generous, ingratitude costs money. Thus generosity is but the delaying of ingratitude.

Now, this is getting too philosophical. The thing is that I have been going over my record of outstanding bills. And I have noticed that the clients who have not paid me are the very ones on whom I have lavished the most attention. And they are right. Since, thanks to them, I feel like an apostle. A martyr. Misunderstood. Which are the three forms of self-idolatry. Which helps us to live. Or not to die of reality. Which amounts to the same thing.

Gratitude is the most difficult virtue to put up with. After courtesy. Since it denotes a little dependence. And a slight lack of self-sufficiency. Circumstances that we accept when we accept the attitude of being grateful. The rest is ingratitude. Or the necessary amount of independence that one needs to keep going.

The good we have received from someone should make us respect the evil he does us. La Rochefoucauld wrote this. But it doesn't happen so. The least evil provides an occasion for us to give vent to the ingratitude that lurks behind all gratitude.



"The Sinister Man."—Bohemia, Havana



## PERU TURNS TO PUBLISHING

*Estuardo Núñez*

It seems like a biblical parable—one that might be called "The Multiplication of the Books."

Until a couple of years ago, publishing was the most minor of activities in Peru. You could count on the fingers of one hand our existing few, anemic publishing houses, which at long intervals put out editions of a thousand copies at most and of slight commercial importance. Generally speaking, if an author wanted to see his writings in print, it was entirely up to him to solve the problems of financing and distribution. Thus any incentive he might have to produce was counteracted by the risk he ran of being stuck with his manuscripts indefinitely. Though people snapped up works of every sort imported from other countries, it was commonly believed that right here at home there was no market for Peruvian books; hence publishers were loath to bring any out.

Toward the end of 1956 a group of literary men decided to demonstrate that there really was a sizable market of readers who would buy Peruvian books at moderate prices. For this purpose, they founded the non-commercial "Patronato del Libro Peruano"—Manuel Mujica, Manuel Scorza, and others, among them myself. With the help of some business firms unconnected with books but desirous of making a contribution to the national culture, a starting fund was raised. Before activities got under way, the country's journalists and literary men rallied round to conduct a volunteer publicity campaign in the form of articles, commentaries, news stories, editorials, and attractive announcements in all the principal newspapers and magazines, which put their pages at the service of this promising idea. Stands were built in the main squares of every city in the country. And at Christmas of 1956, accompanied by unprecedented faith and enthusiasm, considerable public interest, and no slight reservations on the part of the pessimists, the so-called First Festival of Peruvian Books was launched. By "Festival" I mean not a fair or display but an anthology—ten volumes of two hundred pages each, a total of

a hundred thousand copies. The miracle took place: in three days not a single copy was left unsold. One would-be purchaser offered five times the established price. Within a short time, in response to a wave of demand, a second printing of the collection was published. Meanwhile, however, not only was the Patronato itself putting out other Festivals but commercial enterprises were becoming interested in joining the effort to bring books within the people's reach. In the two years between then and December 1958, about two and a half million copies of literary and historical works by authors new and old, from every section of the country, had been published, and the market was still not saturated. Twenty-five Festivals have been brought out, of five or ten volumes each. For 1959, the prospects are even better. About fifteen Festivals are in preparation, which will add up to between seven and eight million copies in a single year. Peruvian printing houses are doing capacity business, and their employees are working overtime.

The progressive publishing firms of Juan Mejía Baca and Sandro Mariátegui are the most outstanding advocates of this admirable plan of bringing works of literature, of ideas, of history, and even of science and technology to the humblest homes, where they used to be articles of luxury. Within a few weeks the complete works of José Carlos Mariátegui will appear in a twenty-volume edition of fifty thousand copies. The average man, who formerly could not buy a single book for less than the equivalent of a dollar, can now buy something like seven for the same money. This means that he is realizing now for the first time that there exists a considerable literature in his own country, with illustrious names like Garcilaso de la Vega, Ricardo Palma, Enrique López Albújar, Juan Manuel Polar, Abraham Valdelomar, Francisco Vegas Seminario, and Ciro Alegria among the novelists; Ventura García Calderón, José Diez Canseco, Martín Adán, Abraham Valdelomar, Julio Ramón Ribeiro, José María Arguedas, Sebastián Salazar Bondy, and Carlos Zavaleta among the short-story writers; Mariano Melgar, Carlos Augusto Salaverry, José

*Anthology of Peruvian satire and genre writing from well-printed, low-priced series published by Patronato del Libro Peruano*



Santos Chocano, José María Eguren, and César Vallejo among the poets. And besides discovering a previously unsuspected cultural horizon in his country, this average man can now read the great Hemisphere authors, such as José Eustasio Rivera, Ricardo Güiraldes, Rómulo Gallegos, and Jorge Icaza, and the world classics as well.

By now, the phenomenon is of more than purely national scope—it is spreading through the Hemisphere. Manuel Scorza of the Patronato, a poet, has brought out a Festival for the people of Venezuela, which he had published in Peru, and he is now preparing a second. Simultaneously Colombia, Cuba, and Ecuador will have their own (more than five million copies this year in all), which means that the same perspective is opening up for the average man of these countries as for his opposite number in Peru.

Are we entering upon a new stage in our search for a solution to the problem of spreading culture among the American masses? Have we—through the hard work, imagination, and faith of a group of literary men formerly scorned as visionary—found a cure for the cultural deprivation suffered by millions? Is this merely a passing fad, successful only because of its novelty, as with so many well-meant enterprises that have come to disastrous ends? Is the stability of responsible publishing firms of the more traditional type being endangered, affected by the galloping advance of the cheap book?

Such questions and many more are being raised and argued over by commentators these days. The critics Augusto Tamayo Vargas and Luis Alberto Sánchez have acutely indicated the perils of over-hasty selection of authors—the omission of some who should have been included, the inclusion of some who should have been omitted. Fortunately this has happened in only a few cases, and it can and should be avoided in the future. It has likewise been pointed out that this publishing euphoria could degenerate into reckless competition, which would lead to financial disasters with inevitable bad results for the entire industry. It has been advised that the enthusiasm be channeled and that careful planning go into the policies of such a huge venture. Still, the important thing is not to cheat the rising expectations of those

who are acquiring the reading habit, and it is quite possible to stabilize the book trade in countries like Peru that up to now have had practically no real publishing industry. It has been said that a good many members of this public are really not readers but collectors, carried away by the attractive sets of uniformly bound books and the appealing title pages. But look at it this way: even if this is so, even if the collector does not read the books, he keeps them as a household treasure, and sooner or later the day will come when they are picked up by his relatives or descendants, friends or acquaintances. At least the books are *available*, which is better than that they should remain unpublished and unknown.

Tamayo Vargas has also mentioned the danger that the cheap book will displace the expensive, luxurious volume, carefully edited, annotated, and printed. Some such phenomenon has indeed coincided with the rise of the Festivals. In the past year hardly any other literary works have been published in Peru than those included in the Festivals, and it is feared that the minority public that formerly bought costly books will do so no more. In this there is perhaps a little exaggeration. Expensive books will always maintain their minority of readers, and in time, as the whole market gets bigger, they may perhaps pick up in addition a larger clientele from among groups that formerly could not afford them. It all depends on whether a stable publishing industry comes into being that can provide for popular needs as well as for the demanding tastes of the selective buyer and the intransigent book-lover.

This talk about the adverse consequences of the Festivals on the established publishers suffers from extreme pessimism. There is no doubt that for the moment they are feeling, and must feel, the impact of the new techniques, and the firms most severely affected are the ones that are trying to continue the old pace and that lack of a spirit of innovation. But those that really want to come out on top of the situation will do so, revising their plans, modernizing their methods, and putting themselves in tune with the times, culturally speaking. Books are not merely the spiritual patrimony of select groups but a vehicle of popular culture. Books are entering the poor man's tenement room and filling the free hours of the laborer or the clerk, to say nothing of the student, the ordinary housewife, the unemployed, the schoolboy on vacation, the streetcar rider. Books for all, not books for a group. Those publishing houses that do not want to listen to the call are destined to disappear. Those that echo it may look forward to the future optimistically. They must not content themselves with the currently



existing markets but must open new ones; they must train readers where there were none before, instill the reading habit in the new generations. Above all, this last: they must prepare an audience for tomorrow and continue to educate it.

Similar arguments have been abundantly adduced for the dearth of poetic production during the last year: practically no volume of Peruvian poetry of any importance has been published. This may also be coincidental, for books of poetry are not popular these days anywhere in the world. The books people want are prose—fiction and non-fiction, reporting of reality, and especially books that make a direct appeal to the imagination, that have social significance, or that in some way create "suspense." So that poetry enters into the popular editions only in the form of "selections" or anthologies. If individual works by poets have been lacking, on the other hand there have been many collections of poetry, and in general it is almost obligatory to include one in the five- or ten-volume series. This breaks all previous anthological records. If we have thus been deprived of the opportunity to consider poets one by one, we have gained in our ability to appreciate the general panorama of a generation or of a broad group of poets. An examination of this sort cannot fail to be of interest, particularly from the point of view of the social aspect of culture.

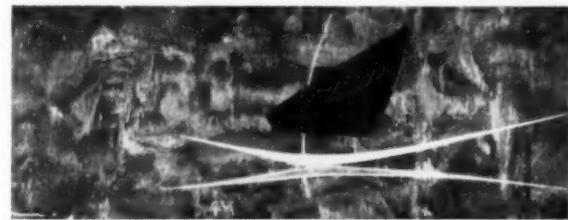
One singularly important result of the Festivals is the stimulus they have given to the cultural work carried on by the state. In countries where government action—especially in the field of culture—has until now disappeared without trace in the sterile wastes of bureaucracy, there is surprising significance to this impulsion from private enterprise. Normally it is the other way about, the state leading and the private sectors following. But now public organisms, among them the Peruvian Ministry of Education, the Municipality of Lima, and the new and promising Cultural Office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs have issued their own respective Festivals, or are preparing to do so shortly. The Education Ministry will bring out readings for secondary students in ten volumes; the Municipality, works by historians, literary men, travelers, chroniclers who have had something to say about the Peruvian capital. The Cultural Office plans to start this year a series on the literature and culture of each of the Hispanic countries, beginning with Spain itself—five or more titles on each country, with editions of at least a hundred thousand copies. What began as a drive to spread our own national literature is widening into a crusade of unexpected proportions. The state would not have acted except for the example of private individuals, but now it is joining in and working to catch up.

We have perhaps another salutary effect to thank the Festivals for. The copyright law of this country is of venerable antiquity: more than 110 years old. Consequently, though it was a good one in its day, it is no longer capable of carrying out its object. It does not help protect composers of music, or plastic artists, or architects; it does not cover recordings; it is deficient with respect to authors and publishers. The impact of

the Festivals has done as much as the outcries of unprotected writers to stir up our legislators' interest in a new copyright law. When it is a question of the royalties on editions exceeding ten thousand copies—no trifles—authors need and demand safeguards. Likewise the publishers, who are investing large sums in such editions. The drafting of the bill was entrusted by the Government to a group of experts, and it is now about to be discussed in Congress. Today more than ever such a law cannot be postponed; reality demands it and the interested parties are clamoring for it.

I think it safe to say that through this means we are coming closer to a way to bring about popular enlightenment in Latin America. The Peruvian problem and what we are doing about it leads inevitably to the Hemisphere situation and to the possibility of coordinating national cultural interests in an enterprise of vaster scope. And from the book we pass to the general questions of eradicating ignorance and illiteracy and forging a spiritual destiny for our peoples. Books banish ignorance and let in the light of culture, but they also plant a seed in men's souls that will sprout in the form of clearer understanding of their democratic and social responsibilities and better appreciation of their freedom. Where there are books, despotism and injustice do not flourish. And now books are entering the tenement.

*Estuardo Núñez is director of the Institute of Literature at the University of San Marcos in Lima.*



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#### ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

1. *Guarani*.
2. *Bitter oranges*.
3. *Les Invalides*.
4. *The Upper Paraná*.
5. *Maté*.
6. *Hayes*.
7. *As a source of tannin*.
8. *In 1537*.
9. *Nanduti*.
10. *Yucca*.

# KNOW YOUR PARAGUAYAN NEIGHBORS?

## Answers on page 41



1 Paraguay is the only country in the Western Hemisphere where an indigenous language is as widely spoken and enjoys as much prestige as a European one. Is it Popoluca, Quechua, or Guarani?

2 These fruits, which are known all over the world, grow profusely in Paraguay. The leaves supply an essential oil widely used in the manufacture of perfume. Are they mangoes, bitter oranges, or medlars?



3 Originally the Oratory of the Virgin of Asuncion, this architectural gem of the Paraguayan capital is known today as the Pantheon of Heroes. Would you say that it is modeled after the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the Monument to the Revolution in Mexico City, or Les Invalides in Paris?

4 One of the two inland countries in South America, Paraguay is nevertheless largely dependent on water transport. If you were a passenger on this river boat, would you be steaming up the Amazon, the Guayas, or the Upper Paraná?



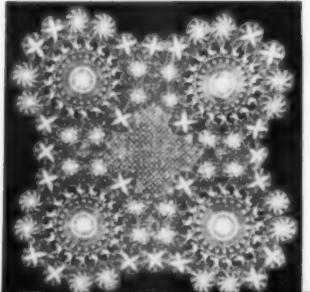
5 This vessel is used to drink a beverage popular throughout the River Plate area, to which Paraguay belongs. Is it wine, mezcal, or mate?

6 These Indians are natives of the Chaco, Paraguay's vast alluvial plain, which is said to have once been an inland sea. Villa ——, its largest town, was named after the nineteenth president of the United States. Fill in the blank.



7 Paraguayan forests abound with *quebracho* (literally "ax-breaker," because of its hardness). Is this wood used in aircraft manufacture, in shipbuilding, or as a source of tannin?

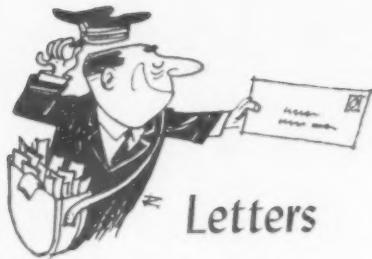
8 Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital, antedates Jamestown, Virginia, the first permanent English settlement in the United States, by seventy years. Was it founded in 1597, 1537, or 1497?



9 This famous native lace called —— is the country's best-known handicraft. Fill in the blank.

10 Manioc is a staple food in Paraguay, as in certain other parts of Latin America. By what other name is this tuber known?





## Letters

### COFFEE BREAK

Dear Sirs:

... The article "Coffee on Time," by Sebastián Salazar Bondy (December 1958), was very interesting, but when you put it together with an item in the same month's "On the Economic Front" the whole thing does not make sense. The paradox is that while they are trying to improve production and quality of coffee, Brazil for one agreed to withhold 40 per cent of its export quota to maintain price stability, and other countries entered this agreement to a lesser extent. . . . Does the Government of Brazil buy some to maintain prices, or are they still burning it up?

Jeanne Strauss  
Chicago, Illinois

*The coffee situation does indeed seem paradoxical, but the answer is fairly simple. At present these countries are largely managed on a single export crop and cannot manage unless they receive a fairly stable price for it—hence the Coffee Agreement. But they are trying to reduce this dependency, and if such experiments as Dr. Paulo Alvim's should be successful (the latest results are disappointing) a large labor force, much land, and a certain amount of capital would be released for other productive purposes while at the same time the already-existing income from coffee would continue to flow in. However, as the perennial problem of corn, cotton, and so on in the United States demonstrates, even when coffee becomes merely one product among many its producers will still seek adjustments that provide them with a more or less predictable income.*

### IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

Dear Sirs:

In a letter published in the February issue, Mr. Roberto Asis complains that "in the great northern nation [the United States] very little or nothing is known about South America." I find this to be an overly broad statement, something in the same category as "Latin Americans are lazy." Certainly, there are many Latin Americans who are lazy, but if laziness were their common denominator, they would not have such metropolises as Buenos Aires or São Paulo. If Americans are as ignorant as some people like to believe, why is it that people from Latin America come to the United States to complete their education? Who teaches at the famous universities of the country? Who has made U.S. hospitals famous all over? Who runs the museums of arts and sciences, and above all the huge public-school system? . . .

I am a Latin American married to a North American. I have found North Americans to be made of very much the same stuff as everybody else on earth; they range from the meanest to the very best, and from the moron to the brilliant scientist. There are those who care only about themselves, and those who care about their neighbors—including the Latin Americans.

It is possible that Mr. Asis may be comparing two entirely different groups of people. The high standard of living in the United States provides an excellent appearance for people in occupations that do not require much schooling, and this may easily lead Latins to believe that these people have the same intellectual development as the upper-middle or highest classes in Latin America. It would be much more fair to compare the United States seamstress, bus driver, and factory worker with their Latin American counterparts. The chances are that their Latin American equivalents do not know much about the rest of the world, and at times they might not even handle their language well enough to correspond with Mr. Asis on an equal basis.

Also, many Latin Americans living in the United States associate almost entirely with other Latins, and their relations with natives of this country are nothing more than mere acquaintanceships. They live here for years and never get a real taste of U.S. culture. My experience has been rich and rewarding; I have many U.S. friends who speak Spanish fluently and who have learned it to be able to read the Spanish classics. My mother's Spanish Club, all of whose other members are North Americans (she is the "coach," so to speak), is another example of the great interest that some North Americans have in Latin America. . . .

For those who doubt the U.S. people's interest in higher education, it would be very enlightening to visit a high-school adult-education program in the evening. They will find classrooms packed with people striving for more education.

The fact that Mr. Asis received some letters from North Americans who do not know about his country but are willing to learn proves that people here are not as indifferent as they are said to be. Surely, there are many who could not care less about Latin America—just as there are many Latin Americans whose knowledge of the U.S. does not go beyond politics, Marilyn Monroe, and rock-and-roll. Fortunately, they are not all of the population, either here or there.

Maria Iannone  
Culver City, California

### SHORT CUT TO LITERACY

Dear Sirs:

Your January issue is a high in interest and excellent presentation. It shouts one challenge after another. I submit one more challenge directed at illiteracy wherever it exists.

If those literates who dwell among illiterates would become teachers for one hour each weekday, would not illiteracy vanish within a very short time? What are the basic

requirements? For the teacher a smooth board or a wall and some chalk, and for the students some sand on the ground or in a small box and a stick for writing. Any place would do. Mix these with brotherly love and patient understanding and you have a recipe for teaching that is older than many gods. . . . Since such an approach is so obvious, would it not be just to ask ourselves why there is such a thing as illiteracy today? Does the guilt not lie with the literate?

Harold L. Strong  
Damariscotta, Maine

*According to the PAU Division of Education the problem of teaching illiterates is not as simple as Mr. Strong implies. For a variety of reasons—which defy discussion in a limited space—love and patient understanding are not enough. They have been tried in many places without success.*

### PARTISANS

Dear Sirs:

"Tourists à la Carte," in the February issue, is a gem of an article, and author Jorge Artel is to be commended for a lively sense of humor and a light-hearted style which fits his subject like the trousers on a toreador. . . . Your magazine, as a whole, is one of the best that cross my desk.

H. B. Powell  
Publications Director  
W. K. Kellogg Foundation  
Battle Creek, Michigan

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago I came across a copy of your magazine. I consider its contents entertaining and educational, and admire the work the Pan American Union is doing.

Enrique Brown B.  
Santiago, Chile

Dear Sirs:  
AMÉRICAS . . . has become one of my favorite publications. I pass my copies around and recommend it to my friends.

Bessie Olivier  
Rio Cuarto, Argentina

Dear Sirs:  
Congratulations for the splendid job you are doing in bringing the peoples of the Americas closer together.

Maria Elena Donoso G.  
Santiago, Chile

Dear Sirs:  
My compliments to your magazine for helping us toward a better understanding of our fellow Americans. . . .

Ernesto D. Ferrari  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Sirs:  
I could not possibly enumerate all the benefits I have derived from AMÉRICAS. Every article contains significant information on the geography, the history, and the political, social, economical, and cultural development of this Hemisphere. I now realize how little I knew. . . .

Eduardo de Greef  
Santa Fe, Argentina

### INTERNATIONAL AWARD

Dear Sirs:

We invite your readers' attention to the Biennial International \$10,000 Research

Prize recently announced by the Creole Foundation, a subsidiary of the Creole Petroleum Corporation, for the best work on Venezuela in any branch of the natural, physical, or social sciences.

The competition is open to nationals of any country, but entries should be written in Spanish, English, French, German, Italian, or Portuguese. Works submitted in any other language must be accompanied by an adequate summary in one of the above-mentioned languages.

Entries for the first competition, the results of which will be announced in July 1960, must be received in Venezuela by December 1, 1959. They must either be unpublished or have been published during the two years immediately preceding the year in which the Prize is awarded. All manuscripts must be accompanied by a letter from a university, academy, or other institution of higher learning related to the field in question.

The author of the prize-winning work will be invited to Venezuela for the presentation ceremony as a guest of the Foundation. Works should be sent by registered or certified mail to Premio Fundación Creole, Apartado 889, Caracas, Venezuela. Further information may be obtained from the U.S. Coordinator at the Creole Foundation, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York.

Henry F. Pelkey  
Creole Foundation  
New York, New York

#### HELP WANTED

Dear Sirs:

A survey of investigations in progress in the field of Latin American studies is being co-sponsored by the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs and the School of Inter-American Studies of the University of Florida. Questionnaires have been sent to faculty members and graduate students in all disciplines, and to independent scholars and researchers who may have investigations under way connected with Latin America. Those who do not receive questionnaires through the mail are urged to request them from the address below, in order that the published results may be as complete as possible. The deadline date for the receipt of the completed questionnaires is April 15, 1959. Distribution of the survey is scheduled for early fall.

B. C. Hendrick  
Interim Assistant Director  
School of Inter-American  
Studies  
University of Florida  
Gainesville, Florida

#### DELAYED REACTIONS

Dear Sirs:

An air-mail letter from Geelong, Australia (near Melbourne), says: "Was very interested in your letter on page 43 of *AMÉRICAS* for July 1957. It seems to have taken quite a time to get as far as me." This is the first inquiry from Australia about Esperanto, but I still receive requests now and then as a result of a letter in your magazine, usually

from North and South America. In the United States the writer usually says: "I was looking through an old copy of *AMÉRICAS* and saw your letter . . . so your magazine must be used widely for reference.

Adrian Hughes  
Esperanto League for  
North America  
Hillsboro, Oregon

#### BULLETIN BOARD

Dear Sirs:

As a student of English, I am extremely interested in the United States, its history, its geography, and its people, particularly its great heroes. . . . I need books on U.S. history and literature, especially those that would serve a double purpose and help me improve my English. Do other *AMÉRICAS* readers have any suggestions?

Carlos C. Capaceté  
Clemente Amaya 28  
Aulán, Jalisco, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

This summer there are hundreds of opportunities for college girls and graduate students, who may enjoy an expense-free "vacation"—with full maintenance and salary—as counselors at nearly 650 Girl Scout camps throughout the United States. Many schools allow field-work credit for these jobs. . . .

The Girl Scouts welcome applications from well-qualified adults of varying racial, religious, and national backgrounds. For students twenty-one years or older, there are numerous openings as unit leaders, waterfront directors, program consultants, food and health supervisors, business managers,

and assistant camp directors. Salaries vary with the assignment and the candidate's previous experience, qualifications, and training. . . .

Those interested should contact their college placement office or the nearest Girl Scout Council, . . . or write directly to Miss Fanchon Hamilton, Recruitment and Referal Advisor, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 830 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York.

Eloise M. Centoz  
International Division  
Girl Scouts of the United  
States of America  
New York, New York

#### EXCHANGES

Dear Sirs:

I would like to correspond with primary-school teachers, writers, and newspapermen, in Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Esperanto.

Juan Ité Teixeira Cardozo  
Dr. Chiazzaro 116  
Salto, Uruguay

Dear Sirs:

We wish to inform readers of *AMÉRICAS* of the establishment of a Pan American Students Association to promote better understanding among the students of the Western Hemisphere, through correspondence, movies, and exchanges of books and magazines. We would like to hear from students and professors from all the Americas.

Carlos de Paula and  
Luis Carlos Facy  
Rua Tiradentes, 162  
Franca, SP, Brazil

#### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Deogracio Villalba (E.S., Latin, Guaraní)	M. Graciela Capalbo (E.S.)—H
Villa San Pedro (Alto Paraguay) Paraguay	Rioja 2361 Mar del Plata, Argentina
Héctor Vélez (E.S.F.) Calle 32 No. 60-56	Mary Anne Enich (E.S.)—C 912 West Main Street Newark, Ohio
Barrio Fátima Medellín, Antioquia, Colombia	Lorenzo A. Borchardt (E.S., German)—C Avenida Suárez 167 Canelones, Uruguay
Augusto Carrasquilla R. (S.P.) Calle 32 No. 61-20	Ernesto Raúl Monserat (E.S.P.)—C José E. Rodó 292 Canelones, Uruguay
Barrio Fátima Medellín, Antioquia, Colombia	Rubén Larriquy Saenz (E.S.P.F.) Baltasar Brum 716 Canelones, Uruguay
Auta María Párra Aroncha (S.P., German)—H Avenida Oceánica 732, Rio Verde, Salvador, BA, Brazil	Mary Frances Nolan (E.S.)—H R.D. No. 2 Fitchville River Road Wakeman, Ohio
Eurindo Díbo (E.S.P.F.)—C Rúa Padre Carvalho 771 São Paulo, SP, Brazil	Helio Venegas Aguilera (E.S.P.) Casilla 1B Lontué, Chile
Nelson Berbel (E.P.)—C Caixa Postal 262 Prefeitura Municipal Londrina, PR, Brazil	Alejandra Liberatore (E.S.F., Italian)—H Riccheri 2546, Dpto. E Rosario, Argentina

**The Organization of American States** unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.





\* anniversary of the \*

ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES

Leaders and organizers of Pan American Day and Week programs may secure copies of the poster, the new Handbook, and **OUR AMERICA—NUESTRA AMÉRICA** (for elementary classroom work and youth groups) by writing to: Department of Public Information, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION  
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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